

## The Critic

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### Literature

#### Du Chaillu's "Viking Age"

Books about the ancient inhabitants of the Scandinavian peninsula are not very numerous in English; and those that are worth very much are not easily accessible to the general public. It is matter for congratulation, therefore, that a popular writer has explored the field thoroughly, and has made these seafarers speak for themselves. A well-digested compilation would have been welcomed; but what we have is, in reality, a work of original research. The thesis is laid down in readable English; and the proofs are given in over a thousand pictures, which in themselves are arguments. In the fullness of his mental and physical powers, this explorer of Africa and traveller in the land of the midnight sun has entered upon a new task. The adventures of Japheth in search of a father are as nothing compared to the adventures of this Huguenot-American in search of the progenitors of the English-speaking peoples. As Mr. Waters is adept in tracing out genealogies in England, so the witty, versatile, buoyant Du Chaillu shows a wonderful knack of ferreting out details of fact from the most unpromising materials. He has emerged after nine years' study of libraries, literature, sagas, museums, coasts, lands, graves, and relics of all sorts. His nervous force must be tremendous. We are not sure that he penetrated into sheol, but that he raked into mysteries of subterranean deposit in a manner to disquiet the shades of the old Norsemen is most evident. Much of his work has been that of resurrection, for he has unearthed an amazing amount of dead facts, long unnoticed and forgotten, which he now makes to speak. From some region north of the Black Sea, and therefore having many points in common with the Greeks, the Norse migration and civilization advanced steadily northward by the power of superior intelligence. From all sources at his command, Du Chaillu has made out a fairly continuous history of these progenitors of the English-speaking people. The men of the viking age settled England, Scandinavia and other countries, and impressed themselves, as no other single race has done, upon Europe.

Mr. Du Chaillu's purpose is to prove that the men of the viking age—that is, the hardy Scandinavians who inhabited the *viks* or bays of the great northern peninsula of Europe—were our ancestors. They visited the southern countries, from Scotland to Italy, for purposes not strictly scientific or benevolent; and, consequently, 'our ancestors' figure in the British and other chronicles as 'pirates,' 'beasts,' 'devils' and 'sons of Pluto.' Indeed, the variety of pet-names applied to these pagans, in prayers, litanies, books and common speech, is remarkable. Yet our author is proud of his ancestors and ours, for he maintains that they were not savages. They developed a civilization peculiar to themselves, having nothing in common with the Roman world. Hence the inability of the nations under Roman culture to understand or appreciate them. Before the Norsemen carried their warfare into Gaul and Britain, they possessed

a degree of civilization which it would be difficult for us to realize, were it not that the antiquities help us in a remarkable manner, and in many essential points, to corroborate the truthfulness of the eddas and sagas.

Let us now look at the form of the story as given in the two handsome octavo volumes before us. First of all, we have a working list, if not an exhaustive catalogue, of the sagas; for these 'sayings,' so voluminous, detailed, quaint, and full of figurative language, illustrate the life of the people as few literatures do. The sagas abound in words and names of things which are themselves poems. Du Chaillu has studied them thoroughly, and probably one-third of the book is taken up with extracts which enable the reader to decide for himself the validity of the author's assertions. A good idea, well carried out, is that of arranging frequently lists of poetical expressions for sword, boat, horse, helmet, and other weapons and articles most used and held in affection by these ancient stalwarts. Hardly a phase of life is passed over, or left unillustrated by picture of relic or writing. The runic inscriptions, the literature, and the places rich in relics are fully described. Ten chapters are devoted to religion, four to superstitions, and one to the struggle between paganism and Christianity. Land and social life receive fascinating illustration in text and picture, and here we recognize the archetypes of many of our own peculiar customs. Most of Volume II. treats of life on the sea, when, with ravens for pilots and muscle for motor, these brave and brawny men set out in their swift boats to harry the coasts of sunnier lands. The two concluding chapters treat of the discovery of America and the settlements on the Orkneys and Hebrides. In appendices are extracts from Frankish chronicles, fac-similes of sagas, and lists of coins found in Scandinavia. A good index completes the furnishing of a well-made book filled like a brimming vessel with fascinating information, well-told story, unhackneyed anecdote and incident, and mines of original authority. The amount of illustration is simply surprising.

Du Chaillu has not only provided us with just the book to read under the winter's evening lamp, but he has invested the lands of northwestern Europe with a new and peculiar charm. It is like making the acquaintance of a most charming person, and then finding him a relative. Though the author may not fully satisfy the ethnologists, or infuse into them his own enthusiasm, yet to Americans the Norsemen will hereafter have an added human interest. We doubt not that this book will arouse young men and women to be students, who will make this fresh and delightful subject a special field of investigation. Some Hawthorne may also arise to turn into the coinage of common thought and golden story the heaps of gold which Du Chaillu has won by long delving in a mine little worked.

#### Darwin on Coral Reefs\*

THE APPEARANCE of a new edition of Darwin's noted work on coral reefs, at this time, is an event of some importance in science. The first edition appeared in 1842, long before the essay on the 'Origin of Species' had made its author famous. In the earlier work, however, the writer's capacity for patient observation and keen deduction was apparent; and the new and striking theory which he put forth to explain the origin of the numerous 'atolls,' or coral islands, which lie scattered like vast 'fairy rings' over the surface of the Great Ocean, was so probable and so well supported by facts, that it at once received the assent of the scientific world, and soon came to be regarded as an established truth in cosmology. It held this position, almost unassailed, for nearly forty years. Then, suddenly, sharp attacks, nearly simultaneous, were made upon it from various quarters. The theory supposed that the atolls were situated in an 'area of subsidence,' where high islands, surrounded

\* The Viking Age: The Early History, Manners, and Customs of the Ancestors of the English-Speaking Nations. By Paul B. Du Chaillu. 2 vols. \$7.50. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons.

\* The Structure and Distribution of Coral Reefs. By Charles Darwin. Third edition. With appendix by Prof. T. G. Bonney. \$2. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

by 'fringing reefs,' had gradually sunk, while the encircling reefs were by the polyps steadily built upward, until at last nothing remained, in each case, but the great coral ring, enclosing a lagoon where the island had formerly risen. The modern objectors, however, affirm that the appearances in the regions where the coral reefs and atolls are found indicate not subsidence but elevation, or else no change of level, and that a new theory is therefore needed to account for their formation. Darwin himself lived just long enough to learn of these objections, and to receive them with a good-humored smile and a remark which indicated the source and nature of their weakness. In another quarter, however, their reception was very different. The opponents of evolutionary doctrine—who, like the opponents of Galileo's astronomy, had unreasonably made a religious question of a mere system of science—welcomed the objections with a childish outburst of delight. The great theorist, they argued, is shown to have been mistaken in his earlier hypothesis, which was thought to have been so firmly established. We may, therefore, safely assume that he was also mistaken in his later doctrine. This conclusion, even if the premises were true, would by no means follow. The fact that Newton's theory of light is no longer received does not in the least affect the universal acceptance of his theory of gravity.

In this new edition, Mr. Francis Darwin has taken care that the question shall be reconsidered in the manner most worthy of his father's memory and character—that is, by a careful and impartial examination of all the facts and arguments adduced on both sides. This work has been performed by the eminent editor, Prof. Bonney, in an admirably judicial spirit. When the opposing views and authorities are thus compared and weighed together, the immense preponderance on the Darwinian side becomes at once apparent. As most persons must be guided in a question of this nature by the judgment of experts, it will probably be deemed sufficient to say that Prof. James D. Dana, whose well-known work on 'Corals and Coral Reefs,' coupled with his unequalled opportunities of observation, places him unquestionably first among authorities on this subject, pronounces without hesitation, after a thorough review of all the objections, in favor of Darwin's theory.

#### "Half-Hours with the Best Humorous Authors"

THE HUMOROUS literature of the English language is like the Abyssinian's cow on a march, from whose ribs and haunches any number of prime cuts could be extracted without injuring the going qualities of the animal. No other kind of literary work so well bears being served up in the shape of selections; and we may turn with a certainty of renewed pleasure from the 'extract' to the poem or tale or essay from which it was taken, and find it ready for us to come and cut again. Mr. Charles Morris has cut and carved to such purpose that he has filled four substantial-looking volumes with selections from American and English humorists. A great part of the former are from authors not very widely known, and 'Anonymous' is put down for a considerable number of savory paragraphs and verses. Still, we gladly renew acquaintance with Brer Rabbit and the Tar-baby, and with the barrel-organ—now, alas! silenced—of 'Pan in Wall-Street.' Philip Freneau is here with his 'Directions for Courtship,' and William Cullen Bryant with his description of 'Corn-Shucking in South Carolina.' Charles G. Halpine discourses of 'Mushrooms' and Henry Pickering of 'The Buckwheat Cake.' And Wouter von Twiller's 'Indian Pudding,' and Charles Dudley Warner's 'Pumpkin Pie,' and Sam Slick's 'Sentiments,' and 'The Schoolboy's Apples' are of the feast—the last a contribution of 'Anonymous.' In the two volumes of English, etc., selections this contributor is less conspicuous and there are very few unfamiliar names in the list of authors. The 'English' includes Praed and Mahoney ('Father Prout') and Scott and

Wilson ('Christopher North'), and Robert Burns and Gerald Griffin. The 'Etc.' includes translations from Rabelais, Molière and Voltaire, the translators' names not being given. There are short biographical notes of most of the authors from whose works selections have been made.

#### Mr. Astor's New Novel\*

IT IS NOT very difficult to render an account of what pleases us in Mr. William Waldorf Astor's 'Sforza: A Tale of Milan.' It is the youthfulness of the style and the matter; the enjoyment of and full confidence in hard knocks and dangerous escapades, wizards, monks and warriors, strange scenes, old times, the flavor of antiquity. There is barely a shadow of a love-affair, and it seems almost like a second thought of the writer to change the handsome young fencer, Narvaez, into the love-lorn damsel, Mariquita, so slightly is the business sketched. But we have portents, and forlorn hopes and hair-breadth 'scapes galore. The best of it is that it is all, or nearly all, true. The history of Ludovico Sforza's wars with Louis XII. of France furnishes forth the heavier part of the undertaking. An unjaded imagination, well fed with knowledge of old wines, old oaths, antique dress and manners does the rest. Taste and judgment are shown in the adjustment of these two elements; still, it is not Sforza, nor his gallant nephew, nor the ill-fated Isabelle, nor the problematic Mariquita that remains with us when we close the book. We do not believe that any of them is a favorite with the author. His creation, Almodoro, penetrating and superstitious, concocter of wonderful plots, always the victim of circumstances, may be dear to him; but we feel that his ideal and true hero is the Chevalier Bayard, and that he has really put his heart into the description of the mad charge upon the lanzknechts, the chase of two hundred by one into Milan. We can hear the four-pound iron mace crash through skull and helmet. There is hardly a dull page in the book. It is much stronger and more equal than 'Valentino,' the author's first novel, and gives promise of yet better work to come.

Without interfering with the flow of the narrative, Mr. Astor's descriptions of costume, architecture and natural scenery are very effective. He has evidently 'read up' conscientiously for his book; but no amount of study gives the knack of concise and picturesque description. In the scene of the bivouac, in Chapter XIII., for instance, it is almost a stroke of genius to make the mysterious Almodoro, in the mist under the dripping hemlocks, gaze into the colored flames sent up by the fragments of an old water-soaked boat thrown upon the camp-fire, while devising his attempt on the Swiss couriers. It suggests another story. Indeed, it is one of the writer's good points that he suggests much that the inexperienced hand would develop in episodes which could only detract from the interest of the main story.

#### New Books of Verse†

MR. SWINBURNE's latest volume, 'Poems and Ballads: Third Series' (1), contains much that is fine and very little that is trivial. It is free from the sensuousness and exuberance of epithet which characterized some of his earlier works, and the facility which is shown throughout the book is not that facility which has been termed fatal, but is almost invariably felicitous. All the music of words, rhymes, and metres, of which he is so great a master, rings clearly and sweetly; and if his alliterations be frequent, they are nevertheless an artful aid, and lend to the lines a definite grace and charm. The poems exhibit great seriousness of thought and dignity of expression blended with exquisite melody. There are two subjects upon which Mr. Swinburne can write better than any other poet; and whenever we discover a title that hints of the

\* Sforza: A Tale of Milan. By William Waldorf Astor. \$1.50. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons.

† 1. Poems and Ballads: Third Series. By Algernon Charles Swinburne. New York: Worthington Co. 2. Selections from the Greek Anthology. Edited by Graham R. Tomson. New York: W. J. Gage & Co. 3. Selections from Burns. Edited by J. Logie Robertson. \$1.50. New York: Macmillan & Co. 4. Ad Lucem. Selected by Mary Lloyd. \$1. New York: Thos. Y. Crowell & Co. 5. The New Pandora. A Drama. By Harriet H. Robinson. \$1. New York: G. F. Putnam's Sons. 6. Divine Philosophy: A Poem. By John Waddie. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.

\* Half-Hours with the Best Humorous Authors. 4 vols. \$6. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.



winds or the waves, we are sure to find a poem as invigorating as the one or as melodious as the other. About them he has always a fine thing to say, and he says it in such a manner as to make himself seem their very voices singing in our ears. Here are a few extracts from the poems, which will show what we mean. The first is from 'March: An Ode':

For the breath of thy lips is freedom, and freedom's the sense of thy spirit, the sound of thy song,  
Glad god of the north-east wind, whose heart is as high as the hands of thy kingdom are strong,  
Thy kingdom whose empire is terror and joy, twin-featured and fruitful of births divine,  
Days lit with the flame of the lamps of the flowers, and nights that are drunken with dew for wine,  
And sleep not for joy of the stars that deepen and quicken, a denser and fierier throng,  
And the world that thy breath bade whiten and tremble rejoices at heart as they strengthen and shine,  
And earth gives thanks for the glory bequeathed her; and knows of thy reign that it wrought not wrong.

From 'A Word with the Wind' we take these stanzas:

Lord of days and nights that hear thy word of wintry warning,  
Wind, whose feet are set on ways that none may tread,  
Change the nest wherein thy wings are fledged for flight by morning,  
Change the harbor whence at dawn thy sails are spread.

Change thy note, and give the waves their will, and all the measure,  
Full and perfect, of the music of their might,  
Let it fill the bays with thunderous notes and throbs of pleasure,  
Shake the shores with passion, sound at once and smite.

Sweeter fields and brighter woods and lordlier hills than waken  
Here at sunrise never hailed the sun and thee:  
Turn thee then, and give them comfort, shed like rain and shaken  
Far as foam that laughs and leaps along the sea.

In the poem entitled 'The Commonweal,' written for the occasion of the Queen's Jubilee, we find the following quotable things:

Hope, wide of eye and wild of wing,  
Rose with the sundawn of a reign  
Whose grace should make the rough ways plain,  
And fill the worn old world with spring,  
And heal its heart of pain.

Such sons are hers, such radiant hands  
Have borne abroad her lamp of old,  
Such mouths of honey-dropping gold  
Have sent across all seas and lands  
Her fame as music rolled.

As music made of rolling thunder  
That hurls through heaven its heart sublime,  
Its heart of joy, in charging chime,  
So ring the songs that round and under  
Her temple surge and climb.

We hardly know when to stop quoting, so tempting are the things offered to us. There are many among the dialect ballads which we should be glad to give here, particularly the one called 'A Reiver's Neck-Verse,' but we shall have to be satisfied with these few lines from 'The Armada,' which, if they impress our readers as they impressed us, will let them know that they belong to the best poem in the volume:

'They that ride over ocean wide with hempen bridle and horse of tree,  
How shall they in the darkening day of wrath and anguish and fear go free?

How shall these that have curbed the seas not feel his bridle who made the sea?

God shall bow them and break them now; for what is man in the Lord God's sight?

Fear shall shake them, and shame shall break, and all the noon of their pride be night:

These that sinned shall the ravening wind of doom bring under, and judgment smite.

England broke from her neck the yoke, and rent the fetter, and mocked the rod:

Shrines of old that she decked with gold she turned to dust, to dust she trod:

What is she, that the wind and sea should fight beside her, and war with God?

England, none that is born thy son, and lives, by grace and thy glory, free,

Lives and yearns not at heart and burns with hope to serve as he worships thee;

None may sing thee: the sea-wind's wing beats down our songs as it hails the sea.

Nowhere in the poem, which is made up of a variety of stanzaic forms, each adapted to the theme in hand, do we find any falling-off from the majestic sweep of these lines; and the manner in which the sea-fight is described is as poetical as it is perfect.

A choice addition to the Canterbury Poets Series, edited by Mr. William Sharp, is 'Selections from the Greek Anthology' (2), edited by Graham R. Tomson. The translations are principally by modern authors: Dr. Richard Garnett furnishes 70; Miss Alma Strettell, 45; Mr. Andrew Lang, 43; Mr. W. M. Hardinge, 26; and Mr. Goldwin Smith, 7. Among other names we find those of Addison, Cowper, Shelley, Moore, Merivale, Gosse, Meyers, Symonds, and Sir Edwin Arnold. The editor's contribution consists of a very readable introductory note giving, among other things, an account of the four anthologies that have existed—namely, that of Meleager, of Philip of Thessalonica, of Agathias, and of Constantine Cephalas. With this collection of admirable translations before us we could not help recalling a little book of songs from the Greek anthology, rendered into English verse by Mr. Alfred J. Butler, entitled 'Amaranth and Asphodel,' and published eight years ago by Messrs. Kegan Paul & Co. It does not seem possible that Mrs. Tomson could have known of Mr. Butler's volume and then failed to include any of his translations in her Anthology. It is a pity that anyone who has this volume should not know of Mr. Butler's, and we gladly take this opportunity to direct them where to find it.

Able edited, with an excellent introduction clearly outlining the poet's life, copious notes, and a complete glossary, is Mr. J. Logie Robertson's 'Selections from Burns' (3), recently published by the Clarendon Press. The editor has made such a selection as is representative of Burns's best work, dividing the verses into 'Poems' and 'Songs,' and arranging each series chronologically. Mr. Robertson's work has been given an attractive setting, which it merits, and the volume is a very desirable one to have, containing, as it does, about everything of Burns one wishes.—'Ad Lucem' (4) is the title of a beautiful little book made up of brief poems, prose extracts, and Bible verses, selected by Mary Lloyd 'for the consolation of all who are "afflicted or distressed in mind, body, or estate."' The selections evince excellent taste and literary judgment on the part of the compiler, and are calculated to fulfil the purpose for which they have been made.

'The New Pandora' (5), by Harriet H. Robinson, is a drama in five acts, the scene of which is Greece in the primeval age. Vulcan and a couple of Cyclops manufacture Pandora and send her to earth for the purpose of disturbing the peace and quiet of a primitive gentleman yclept Æetes. She behaves very well considering the fact that she is given to retrospective dreams of her former home on Olympus, while Æetes, unlike Adam, conducts himself in a boorish manner, doubtless because his primitive companions persist in taunting him of his matrimonial fetters. However, towards the end of the drama they 'kiss and make up,' and in Act V. finally 'enter a gate of clouds, which closes after them,' leaving their children in a primitive hut, while they stroll about Olympus listening to the choruses of the Immortals. We prefer the Old Pandora to the New.

Mr. John Waddie has written a long and laborious poem in seven books, plus an envoy, which he calls 'Divine Philosophy' (6). We are fond of philosophy and of poems inspired by philosophical questions, but when it comes to digging our philosophy and poetry out of one hundred and ninety pages of such prosaic and difficult verse as Mr. Waddie manufactures, we rebel. There is rhyme in his mystical seven books, and perhaps there is reason; but who, so brave, will try to find them in such 'poetry' as this:

By evolution of primordial parts  
The various creatures grew, and those prevailed  
That with protective limbs, or hues, or arts,  
Could best maintain their kind, where none are left  
In the vast striking concourse unassailed;  
Where every power is to the utmost pressed,  
And those that fall of being are bereft.

In all, there are about four thousand lines of this thing. If Mr. Waddie is a philosopher, he should write in prose; if he is a poet, he should not try to write of philosophy. Life is too short for an art which is so long.

#### Minor Notices

MR. THEODORE CHILD'S 'Summer Holidays: Travelling Notes in Europe' is a book that belongs to a high class of commentaries on life in the Old World. The papers here reprinted from American and European periodicals are well worthy of permanent form as a collection. Indeed, the book is so full of good things that one turns almost instinctively to the end, to see if there be an index to help him in his future busy moments, or for conversational equip-

ment, to recall the dainty word-pictures; but unfortunately the author has omitted this desirable annex to his work. Very charming is his power as a cultured man to show how the landscape is correlated to art, or the architecture to the people, and thus to make us hear with the mind's ear the harmonies of place, race, and history. At Constantinople we see the dervishes, and in Holland the windmills, but not as the ordinary tourist sees or is made to see. In the old seats of art, of civilization, of philosophy, or of fame, in varied degree, Mr. Child walks as a student, a keen observer, a sympathetic man of the world; and seeing the past in the present, and the present through the past, he tells in masterly fashion the story of his travels. His style is rich, mellow, and full of the tone and shading that come from wide reading and apprehension of many authors. In six Italian cities, in four old capitals of the German Fatherland, in four places dominated by French culture, we travel afoot, hand in hand. In the last chapter we get on board a floating craft and take a delightful holiday on French rivers. France is not alone in being 'full of remnants of paternal government,' and the author's keen eye for the little things which usually escape the notice of other tourists, but which are such mighty tell-tales, constantly reminds us of the vast difference between the Old World and our over-free America. We have not read a book for a long time in which the net results of each and all of the writer's five senses were so lavishly spread upon each page, or presented in such charming literary style. Travellers may read it to remind themselves of how much they missed seeing, and the stay-at-homes may peruse it as a delightful labor-saving invention. (\$1.25. Harper & Bros.)

FLORINE THAYER MCCRAY, the author of 'Environment,' is an intense admirer of Harriet Beecher Stowe, and has obtained permission of that eminent author to tell the story of her life-work. This is done with skill and grace, in a comely duodecimo of over 400 pages. In the nineteen chapters, the narrative of this remarkable woman of letters is detailed, and one has access to much that is new and hitherto unpublished. Especially interesting are the testimonies of eminent persons, scholars, authors, reformers, etc., to their enjoyment of the novel which no generation, and we might almost say no nation, has tired of reading since it first was given form in a book. We must confess, however, that in reading we have continually turned away from the text to the portraits. The fascination of these faces is great. Here are pictures of Mrs. Stowe at forty-one, in middle life and in old age. Those who wish to read a life-story of unusual interest will enjoy this timely and highly readable book, though it is not likely to block the way of the elaborate biography which the subject's son and Kirk Munroe are about to give to the world. (\$2. Funk & Wagnalls.)—BROTHER AZARIAS, who gave us an excellent little book on 'Aristotle and the Christian Church,' has expanded and reprinted from *The Catholic World* a lecture on 'Books and Reading,' given before the Cathedral Library Reading-Circle of New York City. His hints will be of particular interest to people in that branch of the Church to which he belongs, for though the pamphlet is of literary interest, it is intended also to serve as the medicine of orthodoxy, as he understands it. See pages 35-38 for a remarkable proof of our statement. There are many 'quotable felicities' in Brother Azarias's bright monograph. (The Cathedral Library, 460 Madison Avenue.)

THE FIRST LETTER in the fourth volume of Mr. Worthington C. Ford's edition of Washington's writings is dated from Cambridge, Mass., soon after the departure of the British from Boston; the last from Harlem, where the American forces encamped for a while after being compelled to leave New York. The letters in the earlier part of the volume relate mostly to military details of no great interest; but the later ones, beginning shortly before the Battle of Long Island, are more important, not only as historical documents, but also as revealing some of the most striking traits in Washington's character. The main difficulty he had to contend with was the disorderly condition of the army due to the short terms of enlistment; yet it was only after the strongest representations, many times repeated, that he could induce Congress to enlist men for the whole term of the war. Besides these letters to Congress, there are of course many to the other generals in the army, and a few to Washington's personal friends. It is in these last that he unbosoms himself most freely, and they have a special interest on that account. (\$5. G. P. Putnam's Sons.)—'THE THEATRE Record and Scrap-Book' is an ingenious device for keeping programmes and clippings about the stage. There is an index, and there are ruled pages for special remarks and dates. No doubt the book will find many amateurs of the stage eager to put it to practical use. (New York: Kiggins & Tooker Co.)

WE HAVE RECEIVED two books describing certain industrial operations. The first is by Homer Greene, on 'Coal and the Coal Mines,' and is designed more particularly for young people. It gives a brief statement of the geological facts concerning coal and also an account of its discovery and introduction into general use, and then goes on to describe the various processes of mining the coal and preparing it for the market. It is surprising now to read of the difficulties attending the adoption of coal as a fuel, and the obstinate resistance offered by the American people to its use. It seems that the greatest difficulty was that men would keep poking and raking the coal on the grate instead of letting it alone till it kindled. Mr. Greene closes with some account of the miners, whom he represents as being, contrary to common opinion, a peaceable and law-abiding people. (75 cts. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) The other book referred to is 'Days with Industrials,' by Alexander H. Japp. It treats of many matters connected with common industry. Some chapters of the book have previously appeared in certain English periodicals, and the whole work has something of the scrappy character of periodical writing. Still, it contains much curious information on some subjects, such as the production of quinine, the culture and training of canaries, the characteristics of pearls and diamonds, etc. Some of the operations treated of cannot be properly understood from descriptions, but those who like to read of such matters will find entertainment and instruction in this volume. (\$2.25. Scribner & Welford.)

MR. FREDERICK CROWEST is an English writer whose commonplace book, 'The Great Tone Poets,' published several years ago, led us to look into his modest little 'Advice to Singers' with scant interest. To find it full of sound comment, in spite of some short-sighted observations obviously due to insular prejudice, in turn the offspring of ignorance of the dominant tendency in vocal music, was no small surprise. The 'Advice to Singers' has reached its fourth edition, and now bears the name of the author on its title-page, the three previous editions having appeared anonymously. It is a sound and amiable book in the main, covering a vast deal of ground with no waste of words, and furnishing many hints calculated to start a student of singing in the way which leads to an artistic goal, and to keep the singer keyed up to a sense of the dignity of the profession and the seriousness of the obligation to art which the possession of musical gifts imposes. Where Mr. Crowest falls short of the standard which the critic of to-day is bound to keep in view is in his treatment of the German style of singing. Speaking of schools, he says (p. 47): 'There is a German school which is worse [than the French], being simply the production of coarse noise.' Now it is possible for an intelligent man to have an opinion like this, provided he be wanting entirely in a proper appreciation of the real purpose of singing and deaf to the beauties of modern music. If he thinks that the be-all and end-all of singing is the production of beautiful sounds by the vocal organs and an exhibition of skill in respect to celerity, power, suavity and evenness of quality, then it will be no wonder if he despises the convictions and theories of the modern German singing-masters. Then, too, we will expect him to subscribe to Mr. Crowest's opinion that the composers of the German lied frequently forget to supply anything in the shape of a melody.' (50 cts. F. Warne & Co.)

WE PERFORM (tardily, but none the less sincerely) a duty toward all concerned in the preservation of the things out of which musical history is made, in directing attention to the sixth volume of Mr. G. H. Wilson's 'Musical Year-Book of the United States.' As usual, Boston is the hub around whose activities Mr. Wilson's interest chiefly revolves; but the bulk of all that is significant in the musical doings of the chief cities of the country is set down by him and indexed so as to make reference easy and expeditious. There are also tabulated statements near the close of the book, recording the place where new compositions had their first public performance both in America and abroad. (\$1. Boston: G. H. Wilson, 152 Tremont Street.)—THE SIXTH VOLUME of the 'Franklin Square Song Collection' is, like its predecessors, the repository of a large lot of admired vocal music of all kinds, arranged to meet the tastes and capacities of simple communities. The lover of high-class music will not always approve of the arrangements, nor the critic the extracts with which the editor utilizes all the space in his pages not occupied by music; but the book is not for these, but for the dwellers in the desert-places of artistic activity. (50 cts. Harper & Bros.)

'ARTISTS'S WIVES' lays down the dictum that artists ought never to marry, and illustrates the maxim by an unpleasant variety of conjugal errors and infelicities. Whatever charm the book may have in the original, veiled in the grace and subtleties of the French idiom, is certainly lost in English which lays bare the poverty



of imagination and the crudeness and shallowness of the theme. The incidents are coarse and disagreeable, the *esprit* has no flavor, and the moral—alas! where is it? If it is difficult to point out merit in an unknown author, no less difficult is it to pick flaws in one of wide-spread renown. M. Daudet is a master, in a certain vein, and yet we cannot but regret that books of such a stamp as 'Artists' Wives,' should be grafted upon our literature. The illustrations are the same as in the French—done by De Bieler, Myrbach and Rossi, with the skill and finesse in which these clever workmen excel. (\$1.50. Geo. Routledge & Sons.)—'BACK-GAMMON,' we are informed by the writer of a modest treatise on the subject, 'remains in precisely the condition in which it was left over a hundred years ago by "Edmund Hoyle, Gent."' But that venerated authority in an interesting game presumed, it would seem, too much upon the established knowledge of his pupils, and failed to bestow the simple preliminary instructions which it is the aim of the present teacher to supply. A chapter on 'Draughts,' various illustrative games, and problems, and sundry hints to players, make up the little book. (F. A. Stokes & Bro.)—A VALUABLE CONTRIBUTION to Dante literature is a translation of 'The Banquet' ('Il Convito'), made by Katharine Hillard. There is a very complete introduction, wherein the translator writes of the chronology of the 'Convito,' its design, and the nature of Beatrice, closing it with a few words addressed to the students of Dante. The annotations are numerous and reveal a great deal of painstaking research and scholarly work on the part of the translator. (London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.)

IN 'A YEAR WITH THE BIRDS' Mr. W. Ward Fowler gives a pleasantly written account of bird life in Oxford, the bullfinch, robin, kingfisher and wagtail being among the varieties there in winter and autumn; warblers, redstarts, sparrows and flycatchers succeeding them in spring and summer. The birds of the Alps in June and in September are described, and those of an English midland village; and a long and learned chapter says all that there is to say about the birds of Virgil—*cornix* and *corvus*, rock-bred *columba* and *palumbes* cooing 'ab ulmo.' A number of illustrations are to be praised for their observation of movement, which renders them vastly superior to the cuts of stuffed and motionless specimens which disfigure many books of this class. (\$1.25. Macmillan & Co.)—MR. BENJAMIN DREW has issued a new edition of his 'Pens and Types,' a work intended for writers, printers and proof-readers. It opens with an amusing account of the blunders caused by illegible handwriting—an abomination which, as the author justly says, is wholly inexcusable. A long chapter is devoted to punctuation, and another to orthography, the spellings of Webster and Worcester being given in separate tables. Mr. Drew's punctuation is not to our taste, being too mechanical; he is too much a follower of Wilson, whose rules seem to be based on the principle of putting in as many points as possible. The book is handsomely printed, and the back has that substantial character which we are glad to find nowadays even in cloth bound books. (\$1.25. Lee & Shepard.)

'AN UNREFINED CARD, or a misuse of one,' says the author of 'Cards: Their Significance and Proper Uses, as Governed by the Usages of New York Society,' 'is a trial to the temper of most persons with cultivated tastes, even though its bearer possess recognized virtues.' Upon this text is compiled a clear and sufficiently unexaggerated discourse as to what cards to employ, and when to send or leave them, in all exigencies of modern metropolitan life. Who can forget Mrs. Nickleby's disquietude in the matter of sending cards to Mr. and Mrs. John Browdie, at the Saracen's Head Hotel, prior to bestowing on that excellent couple her first invitation to be present at a tea-party. 'There's a very respectable young man,' added Mrs. Nickleby, after a short consideration, 'who is conductor to one of the omnibuses that go by here, and who wears a glazed hat—he has a wart upon his nose, Kate, you know, exactly like a gentleman's servant. . . . The best way I can think of, would be to send a card and my compliments (I've no doubt he'd take them for a pot of porter), by this young man, to the Saracen with Two Necks—if the waiter took him for a gentleman's servant, so much the better. Then, all Mrs. Browdie would have to do, would be to send her card back by the carrier (he could easily come with a double knock), and there's an end of it.' How to bridge with success a difficulty as serious as Mrs. Nickleby's, omitting the pot of porter and the double knock; how to condole with widows, and congratulate brides; how to invite your friends to meet the President of these United States, and all others in authority, at luncheon; how to mark the delicate difference between a *débutante* and a 'Miss who is not a miss,' or, as the author more delicately puts it, 'unmistakably past her youth'—all this, and much more, may be learned for fifty cents. (F. A. Stokes & Bro.)

DR. JOHN G. BOURINOT, Clerk of the House of Commons of Canada, and Honorary Secretary of the Royal Society, has by his various works secured for himself the position of the highest authority on the constitutional history of the Dominion. His recent contribution to the Johns Hopkins University Studies in Historical and Political Science, on 'Federal Government in Canada,' will be welcomed by the many who are interested in the constitutional experiment of our northern neighbors. Dr. Bourinot has made a careful study of the American methods, both of federal and of state government, and compares them, in an impartial and liberal temper, with the Canadian forms. In some points, as in the constitution of the Senate, he gives the preference to the American system, and in others, as in the committal of executive power to responsible ministers, he prefers the Canadian, or rather the British, system. (\$1. Baltimore: N. Murray.)—MR. EDWIN SUTHERLAND, 'of the District of Columbia Bar,' in his pamphlet on 'The Destiny of America,' treats of 'the inevitable political union of the United States and Canada,' and gives a glowing picture of the happy results to both countries and to the world in general which will follow that auspicious event. He describes the natural riches of both countries and the character of their people in a style which ought to satisfy any reasonable vanity on both sides of the boundary. (Washington: W. H. Lowdermilk & Co.)

MARCUS AURELIUS ANTONINUS, 'the noblest of pagans, the crown and flower of stoicism,' was alike distinguished as a statesman and a philosopher. He lived strictly in accordance with his principles, but tempered his stoical philosophy with such sweetness of disposition as to render him one of the most dearly beloved of Roman Emperors. He did not embody his philosophy in a systematic treatise, but it may be found in his 'Meditations' or 'Thoughts,' which are probably the best reflections on practical morality to be found outside the Bible. Mill considered them almost equal in ethical elevation to the Sermon on the Mount. We know of nothing in secular Christian writings to be compared with them except 'The Imitation of Christ.' As we read and re-read these thoughts, we are struck with wonder at such high moral, almost Christian, sentiments from a pagan. 'Thou wilt give thyself relief if thou doest every act of thy life as if it were the last.' 'Never value anything as profitable to thyself which shall compel thee to break thy promise, to lose thy self-respect, to hate any man, to suspect, to curse, to act the hypocrite, to desire anything which needs walls and curtains.' 'Near is thy forgetfulness of all things; and near the forgetfulness of thee by all.' 'If it is not right, do not do it; if it is not true, do not say it.' Of the two leading translations of the 'Thoughts' into English, that of Mr. George Long is the more recent, and is, we believe, generally regarded as the better. The publishers have done a favor to American readers in bringing out in beautiful form both the translation and the translator's brief sketch of the life and philosophy of Aurelius. (\$1.50. Little, Brown & Co.)

#### Magazine Notes

The *English Illustrated Magazine* for November opens with a long poem, 'The Seven Sleepers of Ephesus,' by Lewis Morris. The ancient legend is retold in respectable blank-verse. Mrs. Oliphant's article on 'Margaret of Scotland' is illustrated with picturesque views in old Edinburgh, the White Horse Close in the Canongate, Holyrood Palace with a background of snow-covered hills, Lady Stairs's Close, Queen Mary's Bath, the ruins of St. Anthony's Chapel and a rainy night view of St. Giles's, sparkling with lights. Another picturesque and ancient city, Cracow, is described by Adam Gielgud and illustrated by S. Witkiewicz with pictures of its castle hill, the 'Vavel,' its night-watchmen, Jews, and Poles in national costume. St. Michael's of the Azores, with rococo church-doors and Venetian-looking arcades, is illustrated, also. Indeed, the number is almost a geographical one, for besides these illustrated articles are others, without pictures, on 'Bombay' and 'My Journey to Texas.' The fiction consists of an instalment of 'The Ring of Amasis,' in which the finding of the mummy of Amasis and the reading of the legend on the ring by the mysterious Arab is recounted. 'The Docker's Story,' referring to the recent London strike, is the one article of practical interest.

In *The North American Review* Edgar Saltus discusses no less a subject than 'The Future of Fiction.' Charles Wyndham, in an article much better written, on 'The Tendencies of Modern Comedy,' takes substantially the same view, which is that light literature, whether of the stage or the bookshelf, is a thing of the past. Comedy, being immortal, living with the sap of humanity and fitting society like its skin, must, according to Mr. Wyndham, in future take on a serious purpose. Demos has raised his head from the nether world, and is asking questions which Mr. Ibsen and Mr.

Pinero are called on to answer. Woman's wrongs are to be righted by means of 'A Doll's Home.' 'Social truths must be illustrated,' and the play (or the novel) is the thing for the purpose. The actor as well as the playwright is urged toward realism because 'this kind of stagecraft strikes home'—a sentiment which Mr. Saltus plaintively echoes in sending the ambitious writer to kneel and commune at tombs, 'somewhere near at hand,' marked Dostoyevsky, Flaubert, Eliot, whence rising with tip austere and that novel that you and I await, he will attain the reward that 'a year or two after his death one publisher will confide to another that Soandso is beginning to sell.' John Burroughs has an earnest article in 'Corroboration of Professor Huxley' in his argument with Dr. Wace; Gen. Walseley's sixth instalment of 'An English View of the Civil War' deals with the attack upon, and defence of Charleston. Murat Halstead criticises 'Our National Conceits'; and there is a discussion on the subject of divorce in which Cardinal Gibbons, Bishop Potter and Col. Ingersoll take part.

In *The Forum* Maurice Thompson takes practically the opposite view of the future of light literature from that expounded by Mr. Wyndham and Mr. Saltus in *The North American*. Mr. Thompson's article is entitled 'The Domain of Romance,' and he brings more reasons to bear and weightier in the fight for the muses of fancy and imagination than the others have at command. But to Mr. Thompson, Darwin is the great romancer. He invaded the region beyond the limit of known facts and brought out of it a story, a myth, beautiful enough to be true. This shows that the battle is a very pretty one as it stands, and that he who would run no risk of receiving a chance blow would do well to keep at some distance from the combatants. Prof. Boyesen places before us certain 'Types of American Women' that he has met. One 'had about as much idea of propriety (in the European sense) as a cat has of mathematics.' Another is 'The Aspiring Woman,' not handsome, nor conspicuous for taste in dress. Archdeacon Farrar examines some 'Modern Claims upon the Pulpit'; and President F. G. Peabody, writing of 'The Cost of Universities,' maintains that none of our American universities has been liberally enough provided for to enable it to do the work of a really first-class institution of its kind. What such an endowment should be, he shows from German examples. 'Wendell Phillips as an Orator' is described and eulogized by Carlos Martyn, with a goodly array of selections from the great anti-slavery agitator's lectures and impromptu speeches.

A handsome head of Charles Carroll of Carrollton, taken from a study in bronze by Dr. Chas. L. Hogeboom, never before published, is the frontispiece of *The Magazine of American History*, and is followed by a description and engraving of his home and a facsimile of his extremely neat and readable handwriting in a letter to Washington. A curious chapter from the history of Utah, by Hubert Howe Bancroft, is illustrated with phototypes of buildings. Certain stone images of San Augustin, Columbia, which seem to show that the Indians of that part were making some progress toward civilization when the Spaniards came among them, are described and illustrated by Lieutenant Henry R. Lemley, U. S. A. The story of 'The First Iron Works in America,' on the banks of the Saugus, between Boston and Salem, Mass., is told by Nathan M. Hawkes; and a bit of Revolutionary romance, a 'Thrilling Story of a British Surgeon's Experience,' is resurrected from a copy of *Hugh Gaines' Gazette*, of 1778, by Adrian Van Sinderen.

To mention only the more important series of articles in the bound volume of *The Century* for May to October will be sufficient to establish its claim to a permanent place on the library shelves. The articles on recent French and early Italian artists by Mrs. Van Rensselaer, Wyatt Eaton and W. J. Stillman should perhaps have first place because of the magazine's standing among artists and because of the beautiful engravings with which they are illustrated. The articles on 'Wood-Engraving' by wood-engravers, illustrated by the authors, must be placed in the same category. From a literary point of view M. Coquelin's article on 'Molière and Shakespeare' and Maria Mitchell's 'Reminiscences of the Herschels' are to be noticed. Charles de Kay's contributions to early Irish history and John A. Paine's interesting article on 'The Pharaoh of the Exodus,' are of great importance in their respective fields. Mary Hallock Foote's 'Pictures of the Far West' have a decided intrinsic value as works of art apart from that of the passing phase of Western life which they illustrate. George Kennan's Siberian articles and Nicolay and Hay's Lincoln History may be mentioned as concluding the list of solid good things, while of lighter matter for instruction and amusement the volume is packed from one end to the other. (\$3.50. The Century Co.)

By the death of Percival Leigh *Punch* loses its oldest contributor. He joined its staff soon after the starting of the paper.

## London Letter

PUBLISHERS and booksellers are again as busy as bees; in fact, there is quite an *embarras de richesse* in the literary world at present. The new edition of an old book, which first saw the light exactly one hundred years ago, may not inaptly be described as *the* republication of the autumn season. I allude to 'Young's Travels in France,' just issued by Messrs. George Bell & Sons. This delightful volume is going out faster than it is coming in—the printers cannot keep pace with the demand,—and I hear that Cardinal Manning was among the applicants a day or two ago, at the old house in York Street. Whether His Eminence went away satisfied, or had to be content with a promise of a copy 'directly it came in,' history sayeth not. Cardinals, however, usually get what they want, even if somebody else has to go without. It is no wonder that the little book—for, after all, it is but a little book—should be so attractive. It has come out at an appropriate moment, and it is simply unique of its kind. It is the most complete, impartial, exhaustive picture of rural and agricultural France on the eve of the Revolution that has ever been presented to the world, and the Revolution took place exactly a century ago. Young drew from the life, and he drew for all time: and so thoroughly has the truthfulness of his work been accepted, and so emphatically has its utility been recognized by the French nation, that we are told 'whereas English students have hitherto been compelled to resort to the British Museum, or to wait long and patiently for an expensive copy to turn up at some second-hand bookseller's, edition after edition wholly unabridged has appeared in Paris.' Twenty thousand copies were printed by the Convention, and distributed gratuitously by order of the Commune. Young's name is familiar to every French school-boy; and the English traveller's scathing summing-up of the *ancien régime*, 'When ever you stumble on a *grand seigneur*, even one that is worth millions, you are sure to find his property a desert,' is cited in the elementary histories for public schools, approved by the minister of education!

When we consider the circumstances under which the celebrated 'Travels' were taken; the vehement, nay, agonized remonstrance to which they gave rise; the difficulties that had to be surmounted; and, still more, the perils and hardships, real and imaginary, to which the state of the times made them liable, it is but little to be wondered at, that Young was regarded by his contemporaries not merely in the light of a keen observer and utilitarian, but also in that of a daring and original lover of adventures. 'Alone, unarmed, ignorant of the various *patois*—sole medium of intercourse in rural districts'—writes his present biographer, 'our inquisitive and dauntless traveller visited one out-of-the-way region after another, apparently unconscious, while relating these unique experiences, that his conduct was little short of heroic.' Such heroism, however, was to meet with its reward. 'The French Travels obtained all the *éclat* of a brilliant invention. . . . The author's name was soon in everybody's mouth. He received invitations to half a dozen courts. All the learned societies of Europe and America enrolled him as a member. His work was translated into a score of languages; and princes, statesmen, political economists, wits, from all parts of the world, paid a visit to Bradfield' (Young's English home). Among his correspondents were Washington, Pitt, Burke, Wilberforce, La Fayette, Priestly, Jeremy Bentham, etc. The present edition of the 'Travels' is happy in being edited by one who has followed in Young's steps, visiting and revisiting for fifteen years those parts of France which he rendered most celebrated. No one could thus more adequately describe the contrast presented by his vivid portraiture in the country as it now exists. We have every detail faithfully rendered, and every point noted, even to Young's own emotion and agitation on finding to what lengths the Revolution had gone, sorely as he had deemed it needed.

A word or two about the domestic life of our traveller is curiously appropriate to our notice of another book of the day. Young was married to a Miss Allen, sister of the stepmother of Fanny Burney (Madame d'Arblay), and Fanny's note-books abound with arch prattle and 'hits' at her lively and agreeable 'uncle,' as she was in the habit of styling this doubtful relative. He, on his part, had a nickname for her also. It had arisen out of Mrs. Burney's not over lucid remark that here was 'a girl would never be happy, for she possessed as feeling a heart as ever girl had.' 'Mr. Young,' records the said 'girl,' 'harped upon this for some little time, till at last he would call me "*Feeling Fanny*,"'—with the result that his 'nonsense' put her out of all patience, and made her unable to recount any of his conversation 'charming as it was.' At another time it is 'that lively, charming, spirited Mr. Young' who entered the room, and who afterwards elicited an enthusiastic 'Oh, how glad we were to see him!' from the youthful diarist. But we must turn to 'Fanny Burney and Her Friends' just published by Messrs. Seeley & Co., and see what we find there, apart from any con-



nection between the author of 'Travels in France' and the author of 'Evelina.' This new rendering of an old theme is sprightly enough, as indeed it is bound to be—but, truth to tell, I miss therein the exquisite diction, coherence, and lucid flow of narrative which made Macaulay's essay on Madame d'Arblay one of the most brilliant of all his biographical sketches. He had seized on every telling phase, on every characteristic feature of Fanny Burney's life. Having had access to the same source as has our present compiler, he had grasped every salient point, and every dramatic scene, and given them to the world in his own unrivalled manner. Thus, it comes to pass that those who remember the essay fail to appreciate any other presentation of its subject. At the same time, since there are many readers who—more's the pity—do not remember and are not likely ever to make themselves acquainted with the Madame d'Arblay of Lord Macaulay, by all means let them enjoy the 'Fanny Burney' of Mr. L. B. Seeley. They will find a vivacious, chatty, gossiping biography, and they will be charmed with the illustrations, taken from well-known portraits by 'Sir Joshua,' West, and other great men of the period.

That of dear old Johnson, looking exactly as we can picture the *Ursa Major* looking many a time and oft, is especially noteworthy, and comes in well opposite the page where his 'Fannikin' is awaiting his first appearance at one of her father Dr. Burney's celebrated musical parties. She was, she wrote, 'all in a twitter, twitter, twitter, to see Dr. Johnson.' After the evening was over, she thus unbosomed herself concerning him. 'I am mortified to own that he is indeed very ill-favored. Yet he has naturally a noble figure; tall, stout, grand, authoritative. But he stoops horribly; his back is quite round; his mouth is continually opening and shutting as if he were chewing something; he has a singular method of twirling his fingers, and twisting his hands; his vast body is in constant agitation, see-sawing backwards and forwards; his feet are never for a moment quiet; and his whole person looked often as if it were going to roll itself, quite voluntarily, on to the floor.' A full length portrait *in pectus*. Who does not recognize the touch of the hand that limned Madame Duval and Miss Polly Broughton?

One of the best things in Mr. Edgar Pemberton's 'Mémorial of Edward Askew Sothorn' is the amusing incident related by the distinguished actor himself as having given rise to much of the fun of 'Lord Dundreary.' It will be remembered that one of the great 'hits' in Dundreary was his habit of 'twisting about familiar proverbs,' holding up the holes in them to be picked at, as it were, something after the fashion in which Lamb used to deride the same saws, designating them 'popular fallacies.' Dundreary used to be at his best when sitting with his wise head on one side, ruminating over the perplexities of, for instance, 'Birds of a feather flock together.' Sothorn has recorded how the idea came to him:

A number of us were, years ago, taking supper after a performance, when a man entered, looked at us, and said, 'Oh, I see! Birds of a feather!' I instantly saw the weak side of this fragment of a well-known maxim, and assuming ignorance, replied, 'What do you mean by birds of a feather?' . . . I then began to turn the proverb inside out, 'There never could have been such a proverb—birds of a feather! The idea of a whole flock of birds having only one feather! The thing is utterly ridiculous. Besides, the poor bird that had that feather must have flown all on one side! And, as the other birds couldn't fly at all, they couldn't flock together. But even accepting the absurdity, if they flocked at all, they must flock together, as no bird could possibly be such a — fool as to go into a corner and try to flock by itself!'

Oh, how delightful, how inexpressibly, exquisitely delightful was the inimitable Dundreary when, amid the roars of the audience, he used to lift up his innocent face, and come out with those last words about the birds!

Sothorn in 'David Garrick' is to me a memory which time will never efface, nor other scenes eclipse. The buoyancy, the brilliancy of the charming young fellow in the hey-day of his youth and fame; then, the superb display of feigned drunken fooling which yet never for an instant degenerated into coarseness or repulsiveness—although here and there were gleams of real enjoyment in the devilry of the thing!—and, lastly, the fine self-restraint of the gentleman mingling with the tenderness of the lover, when the weeping Arabella was admonished and recalled to a sense of filial duty—in each and every scene Sothorn was a Garrick to win all hearts.

Do we ever grow weary of fairy-tales? Mr. Andrew Lang thinks not, and has therefore just brought out through Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co. one of the most fascinating collections of fairyland lore that has been seen for some time. It is called—presumably because it is bound in blue—'The Blue Fairy Book'—the truth more probably being, however, that Mr. Lang did not know what else to call it. The contents are multifarious, and comprise all our old favorites—'Jack, the Giant-Killer,' from a chap-book, being particularly redolent of the real antique flavor.

Why will people persist in imagining that Graham R. Tom-

son is a feigned name, even going so far as to assert that the *he* or *she* who has assumed it is, in reality, the versatile and prolific writer whose name appears in the foregoing paragraph? I have the best authority for stating plainly that Mrs. Tomson is simply signing her own name—an uncommon one, possibly, for a lady—to everything she writes, and that she has never made any mystery about either herself or her authorship. This was told me a few days ago by—but sometimes people do not like to see their names quoted. My authority is one of our leading publishers, who, if I mistake not, is Mrs. Graham R. Tomson's publisher—though of this I cannot be quite sure, as in London one is apt to forget in the afternoon what one has heard in the morning.

L. B. WALFORD.

### Boston Letter

A REMARKABLE auction sale of rare and valuable books took place here in Boston last Wednesday and Thursday, and though it was hardly noticed in the newspapers, it afforded a few connoisseurs an opportunity of picking up bargains such as comes but seldom in a lifetime. The library sold was that of Harrison Gray Otis, whose father, who died a few years ago, obtained it from the Château de Spietz, Switzerland, which was noted for the number of books published in the first half-century of printing. There were richly illuminated books, black-letter folios, Aldine, Elzevir, Koburger and Plantin editions, and early geographical and historical works. The feature of the collection was its illustration of the early history of wood-engraving, and such a library has never been seen at auction outside of some great historic sale. From my familiarity with the covetous disposition of collectors of rare books, I can imagine the disappointment of such as learn too late of the treasures which they have missed, and although resignation is a virtue which their experience ought to develop, it is to be feared that envy will get the better of it.

One reason why many valuable books went far below their value is that they were imperfectly catalogued. In fact, the neglect shown in this matter is amazing, considering the need of care in regard to it. Thus, two copies of a certain book dated 1493 were described as being the first edition, with many hundred curious woodcuts resembling those of the Nuremberg Chronicle, when as a matter of fact the book is that famous Chronicle. In like manner the Koburger Bible, the most famous edition in four volumes (Nuremberg, 1487), was catalogued under the head of *Lyra, N. de*. This is one of the great monuments of early printing, and being a perfect copy was worth at least \$100; it sold for \$2.50.

Among the sacrifices of the sale was Mercator's Atlas, a fine old folio (Amsterdam, 1616), a perfect copy bound in old Russia elaborately tooled on the back and sides, with gauffered edges. This binding alone was worth \$25, yet the book sold for \$5. It contains the best account of the knowledge of geography of America and the world at that time. I happen to know that the buyer would not take \$50 for his bargain. Another sacrifice was Valckenaer's great work (Amsterdam, 1677-83), the first volume of which is devoted to America and contains views of New York in the early Dutch times. These three volumes, in old vellum binding, with 125 plates, including fine portraits of Columbus and Magellan, brought only \$1.75 a volume.

The original edition of Martin Luther's work on the Ten Commandments, catalogued 'Luther, Martin, Der X Gebot, etc., Basel, 1520,' which contains also his controversial tracts—one of the important works of the beginning of the Reformation,—in antique type and binding, was knocked down for \$3.25. The first work of Aldus printed with Italic types, to make, as he says in his preface, a book small enough for scholars to carry round with them, sold for \$1.25. The copy, though slightly imperfect, is rare and valuable. Holbein's Dance of Death (1547), with 53 plates complete, full morocco, gilt edges, brought only \$16; there was an order for it at \$50.

These are only a few illustrations of the low prices obtained for a class of books for which dealers are searching the German markets. On the other hand, the books that sold relatively high were imperfect copies, and as their imperfections were not noted in the catalogue, they were bought on orders from a distance. I hear that one of the largest libraries in the West was supplied in this way. The fact that the auctioneers had no special experience in book-selling added to the trials of the situation, and circumstances prevented the attendance of some dealers who are generally on the lookout for treasures of this sort.

The Life of Anne Bradstreet, by Helen Campbell, which D. Lothrop Co. will shortly publish, will give to the public interesting information about a literary woman of the olden time whose works in these latter days have been more talked about than read. As, however, she was the daughter of one colonial Governor of

Massachusetts and the wife of another, her life furnishes more picturesque features for the biographer than that of the average poet. The fact that Richard H. Dana was her descendant is perhaps a better ground for crediting her with poetic capacity than the somewhat fulsome praises of Cotton Mather. Even Rufus Griswold thought that such praises ran into hyperbole, and proved their author more gallant than critical, though he vouchsafes the opinion that Mrs. Bradstreet's poems are not destitute of imagination. It certainly is a test of the reputation of her effusions that she should have been called the 'Tenth Muse,' after she had put a compendium of history, philosophy, and religion into ten-syllabled verse. Another element of interest in Anne Bradstreet is her pioneer defence of woman's rights, in maintaining against some jealous wearers of breeches that she was better fitted to hold a needle than the pen of a poet. Mrs. Campbell's book will doubtless throw some fresh light on the life and character of this 'grandmother of American literature.'

D. Lothrop Co. are preparing an edition of Sterne's 'Sentimental Journey,' a reproduction of the edition illustrated by Maurice Leloir with 12 full-page etchings and many text illustrations, but reduced to a dainty 16mo under the supervision of Mr. J. B. Millet of the Boston Photogravure Co. The choice illustrations with which Mr. L. J. Bridgman has decorated Miss Carrie Norris Howitz's adaptation of 'Swanhide' and other fairy-tales from the German add much to their interest. They are printed in sepia and lighten the clear and open letterpress.

Mr. Elbridge S. Brooks's 'Story of the American Sailor' will be brought out by this firm next Saturday. It is the third in the American Series which the author is devoting to the presentation of the consecutive story of noted men of action as outlined in THE CRITIC last year—the Indian, the sailor and the soldier, the pathfinder and the citizen. Mr. Brooks's spirited narrative worthily supplements his judicious editorial work in this series.

T. Y. Crowell & Co. will publish this week 'A Dictionary of Quotations in Prose from American and Foreign Authors, Including Translations from Ancient Sources,' edited by Anna L. Ward. This is a fresh compilation, with full and exact references, by the author of a similar volume of quotations from the poets, and the care used in selecting materials and rendering them easily accessible by indexes is a guarantee of its accuracy.

John Boyle O'Reilly is in Washington, where he will read a poem 'From the Heights' at the dedication of the great Catholic University on Wednesday. The poem illustrates the benefits of learning, by the symbolism of nature, and is a brilliant production. The author's novel, 'Moondyna,' has lately been pirated in Sydney, Australia, with his name omitted, under the title of 'The Golden Secret; or, Bond and Free: A Tale of Bush and Convict Life in Western Australia.' Considering the source of this piracy, the poet is inclined to regard it as a rare compliment, although he is not averse to receiving a share of the profits of the 4000 copies of the book which have been sold in three months.

Mrs. Louisa Chandler Moulton is expected back from Europe the last of next week.

BOSTON, Nov. 11, 1889.

ALEXANDER YOUNG.

### The Tilden Library

GENERAL DISAPPOINTMENT and regret are felt at the decision of the General Term of the Supreme Court of the State, handed down on Nov. 7, to the effect that the Tilden Trust cannot be maintained, and that the estate must be divided among the heirs. The opinion, which is of great length, was written by Justice Van Brunt, with Judge Brady's concurrence; but Judge Daniels presented a dissenting opinion. As Judge Lawrence, whose decision in favor of the Trustees is reversed by the action of the Supreme Court, was convinced that the will creating the Trust was valid, and as that opinion is shared by Judge Daniels, who is, to say the least, the peer of his associates on the Bench, and as the instrument is effectively supported by Mr. James C. Carter, than whom there is no sounder mind at the New York Bar to-day, there is good reason to hope that the Court of Appeals, whither the case is shortly to be carried, will reverse the decision of Judges Brady and Van Brunt, and enable Mr. Tilden's executors to carry out, for the benefit of the public, the provisions of a testament almost unexampled in its display of well-considered liberality and public spirit. The technical point on which the decision in question turns, is the width of discretion permitted to the Trustees: as *The Evening Post* ironically puts it, Mr. Tilden reposed too much confidence in his executors; but, as the *Times* remarks, 'the general tendency of judicial decisions has been more and more to give effect to the will and intent of testators in disposing of their property.' The late ex-Governor made ample provision for the needs of his next of kin, and it would

be a thousand pities if the splendid gift he devised to the people of New York and of the whole country should be lost to them by too close an adherence to a technicality on which sound minds may fairly differ. As to the intention of the testator, and its wise beneficence, the only dissenting voices are those of kinsmen wroth to see the general public share with them the benefits of the sagacity that amassed a large fortune and then sought to dispose of it for the greatest good of the greatest number.

### W. Hamilton Gibson's Double

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

Will you permit me through your columns to call the attention of the editorial fraternity and the literary public generally to an impostor who is operating under my name, and whose works are not calculated to exalt my average of moral or literary respectability. The individual assumes my full name, occasionally omitting the 'W.,' and forges my monogram with which I customarily sign my pictorial work—both forms of signature having been forwarded to me by suspicious editors, who have received his written cards. He further represents himself as the author of my works, and by that token, together with pitiable confessions of his 'fall from grace,' levies compassionate loans among my too kind constituency, the proof whereof is received by me in the shape of letters requesting 'reimbursement of that \$2 I loaned to you the other day.'

But if this were all, the matter would hardly have warranted public notice. It is of much more import to me that the individual is given to writing verses, and—what is more—gets them printed, several examples of his questionable afflatus—rondeaux, chansonnettes, villanelles, and other equally villainous rubbish—having already been published over my name, and reprinted in sundry journals, the author evidently having imposed upon editorial innocents who ought to have known that verse has never been one of my accomplishments, and that, even though it were, my muse would hardly have led me into precisely such paths as those which delight this morbid parasite. Editors who may still be in possession of similar products over my name, would confer a favor by communicating with me at the address below; and meanwhile—and thenceforth—bearing in mind that it is my especial desire that all my poems be published anonymously.

W. HAMILTON GIBSON.

132 LINCOLN PLACE, BROOKLYN, Nov. 9, 1889.

### Mrs. Stowe's Biographers

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

Feeling that the issue of my sketch of 'The Life-Work of the Author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin,"' almost simultaneously with the biography of Mrs. Stowe prepared under the management of her son, may give rise to questions as to my good taste, possibly placing me in an unfavorable light, I beg leave to say that the appearance of the books so nearly at the same time is a matter entirely beyond my control, and due not to any calculation on my part, but rather to unexpected haste upon the part of Mr. Stowe. Mrs. Stowe and her son both gave me cordial permission to write my book, and furnished material assistance through a period of nearly a year. In proof of which, I submit a copy of Mr. Stowe's authorization, which shows that less than two years ago he had an interest in my book, which only ceased when he decided to issue his own while his mother still lived. I trust you will review my book upon its merits, without the natural bias which might prejudice the admirers of Mrs. Stowe in favor of one emanating from her son. One or two anachronisms, resulting from imperfectly corrected plates, will be set right in the second edition.

FLORINE THAYER MCCRAY.

HARTFORD, CONN., Oct. 15th, 1889.

HARTFORD, Dec. 12th, 1887.

MRS. FLORINE THAYER MCCRAY:

Dear Madam:—I appreciate highly the delicacy of feeling which you have displayed in the matter of the work which you are contemplating; yet at the same time I am of Dr. Sherwood's mind in the matter. In the first place, even if I did object, you would have a perfect right to go on, as it is public property. In the second place, your work will be of direct advantage to me pecuniarily; by acting as an advertisement, it will increase the sale of her works and stimulate public interest in her and her writings. The work which I am doing will be likely to be all the better received for the work you are about to publish. So I say go on with it, and I will do all I can to assist you.

Very sincerely yours,

C. E. STOWE.



## The Lounger

I FIND THE following in the last number of the London *Athenæum*:

Miss Mathilde Blind's translation of the journal of Marie Bashkirtseff is nearly finished, and will be published by Messrs. Cassell shortly after Christmas. Miss Blind will contribute an introduction. She was the first to write of Marie Bashkirtseff in England—in *The Woman's World* for June and August, 1888. We see a couple of American periodicals publish this month articles on the diary. Probably the able editors have had these articles by them for some time, but, never having heard of Marie Bashkirtseff, did not put them in type till reassured by Mr. Gladstone's contribution to *The Nineteenth Century*.

THE ABLE EDITOR of *The Athenæum* may know everything about the publication of the English magazines, but I see that he knows little about that of the American. The magazines of this country, with their enormous circulation, are not printed in a day. Mr. Gladstone's eulogy of the journal of Marie Bashkirtseff appeared in the October number of *The Nineteenth Century*, and the November number of *The Atlantic* and of *Scribner's* contained long reviews of the book. Now if the editor of *The Athenæum* were better informed on the subject, he would know that the American magazines were on the press when Mr. Gladstone's article appeared. THE CRITIC published a long review of the French edition of the book last April, so American editors were not ignorant of its existence; and the article in *Scribner's* was accepted by that magazine in August. I suppose that it is hard for an Englishman to realize what an enormous number of copies have to be printed to meet the needs of American magazine readers, and how long it takes to print them. So much for one portion of *The Athenæum's* paragraph. As for the other, I happen to know that the suggestion to Messrs. Cassell & Co. to publish Marie Bashkirtseff's journal came from America, and also the suggestion to have Miss Blind make the translation—which will not, however, be published before the spring. But then the editor of *The Athenæum* could not be expected to know this.

JUST WHAT an individual or a newspaper has to gain by publishing a 'faked' story of the falling-out of good friends, whose fortune it is to enjoy great popularity and regard, it would puzzle Mrs. Candour to tell. The 'I' of the *Herald*, directed singly toward its own inner consciousness, has discovered something amiss in the relations existing between those twin-stars of the first magnitude, Mme. Modjeska and Mr. Booth, and sought to unriddle it in public. Instantly, and to the world's entire satisfaction, the libellous charge is repudiated by the gentleman and repelled by the lady; yet still the 'I,' benighted under the noonday sun, insists that it reports the truth and nothing but the truth. A severe course of bramble-bush might do this blind 'I' some good.

*The New York Ledger* is to be congratulated upon having secured Mr. Mayo W. Hazeltine as its managing editor. The *Ledger* is not just the paper that would suggest itself to me as affording the most appropriate field for Mr. Hazeltine's literary labors, but I suppose he is at liberty to cultivate it according to his own ideas. In selecting their new editor, Messrs. Bonner have taken a long step in a new direction.

IT IS IMPOSSIBLE to think about Otto Hegner, the little Swiss lad whom Mr. Abbey and his managerial coadjutor are purveying to the curiosity of the public, without recalling memories of Josef Hofmann. Naturally enough, criticism of the former runs to comparisons with the latter, and the opinion of the critics seems to be divided. Hegner does not attempt the feats of improvisation which interested and pleased so much in Hofmann's concerts, but at his last matinee he was exploited as a composer, which from an artistic point of view was a less justifiable proceeding. Improvisations at least bear on them the stamp of genuineness, and serve to disclose the player's musical instincts and tastes. Little Hegner plays with an astonishing amount of technical skill, but with a minimum of that poetic charm which was the most attractive element in young Hofmann's performance. He is, of course, a curiosity, and may turn out to be a great virtuoso; but the outcome of such early fruit can never be foretold.

MR. EDWARD S. VAN ZILE writes to me:—'In Robert Louis Stevenson's latest novel, "The Master of Ballantrae," Sir William Johnson is introduced in a rather unsatisfactory way. He is about as shadowy a creation as the "heroine" of the tale. If, however, Mr. Stevenson's readers are desirous of obtaining from fiction a very vivid and pleasing sketch of Sir William, they can find it in James Kirke Paulding's "The Dutchman's Fireside," a novel pub-

lished in 1831. It passed through six editions in its first year, was republished in London, and translated into the Dutch and French languages. Novel readers of this generation find it very tedious in places, but in the picture it gives of the Adirondack region in the bloody days of Sir William Johnson's life it is much more impressive than "The Master of Ballantrae." Understand, if you please, that I do not imply that Mr. Stevenson has been guilty of plagiarism. His growing fame does not need the impetus of such an accusation. But I maintain that, so far as certain details indicated above are concerned, Paulding wrote with more effect than Mr. Stevenson.'

A FRIEND who has just returned from Paris tells me an amusing and characteristic anecdote. During the recent Exposition there was a little railroad, five miles in length, running around the grounds. The track ran in and out among the trees and buildings, and so near them that a passenger's head or arm thrust out of window was in danger of being knocked off. To prevent accidents of this sort, warnings were printed on large posters and tacked up at intervals of a few yards along the entire track. They were printed in almost every known language, including Asiatic and African tongues, shorthand and Volapük. My friend counted over thirty languages and dialects. You would have supposed that none was omitted in such a list. But there was one omission, and a very important one. Not a single word of warning was printed in German! Some one said to the manager of the road: 'It looks as though you didn't care whether the Germans got their heads and arms knocked off or not.' He smiled a quiet smile and replied, 'It does look that way, sure enough.'

A YOUNG LADY of Naples—Naples, N. Y.—is said to have gone insane after the manuscript of her novel was rejected by a publisher. I have read manuscripts which led me to believe that the authors were insane at the time they were written; and I have also read manuscripts that have had almost as bad an effect upon me as the rejection of her novel is said to have had upon the young lady of Naples.

*The Pall Mall Gazette* is struck by the humorous aspect of the 'syndicate' business, and calls attention to it as follows:

Here is another curious item in Mr. McClure's programme:—'Mrs. Huxley, sister of Mrs. Humphry Ward, and daughter-in-law of the famous scientist, relates in a short paper her experiences in keeping hens.' I shall be breaking no confidences by adding in this connection the following forthcoming announcement: 'Mrs. Smith, a descendant of Shakespeare and a connection by marriage of Mr. Gladstone, will write a paper on "How to make a puff cake."'

It certainly is a shrewd idea to get the members of a celebrated man's or woman's family to write for you, if you can't get the parents—to advertise a story, poem, tract or anagram by Miss So-and-so, daughter of the famous Mr. or Mrs. So-and-so. You do not have to pay her half the money, and you make her almost as good a card by ringing the changes on her father's or mother's name. In the meantime the writer who is only a writer, and not a son or a niece, may whistle for a publisher.

FRANK J. MEAD of Minneapolis, Minn., suggests in the columns of the current *Writer* the formation of a guild of writers. The idea is a good one, if it could be carried out in the proper spirit. France has her Société des Gens de Lettres and England her Society of Authors, and the best men of the profession are among their active members. In this country it is more than likely that the big men would keep out of the Guild and the little ones would use it for 'ring' purposes. The nearest thing we have to such an organization is the Copyright League, whose membership includes every writer of importance in the country. But this was organized for a special purpose. Perhaps after that purpose is accomplished, a writers' guild for general social and protective purposes may be developed from the League. When International Copyright is secured, the name of the present association could be changed to the Authors' League of the United States—with James Russell Lowell still serving as its President.

WHILE IT SEEMS to be a question with publishers as to whether it helps or hurts a book to publish it first in a syndicate of newspapers, there is no question among the editors as to the effect of the serial publication upon the circulation of their journals. One editor told me recently that he could trace an increase of 9000 subscribers to his paper through the publication of a single story; and yet, curiously enough, another story by the same famous author, published shortly afterwards, did not visibly increase the subscription-list. Between the two came a story by an unknown author, and the clamor for it was loud and long. This editor believes firmly in serials, but he wishes that he had the gift of know-

ing which ones the public wants. With all his experience he cannot do it. So he uses his best judgment and awaits results. *The Sun* has every reason to be satisfied with its Rider Haggard experiment, which cost it \$5000, and it stands ready to take anything that may drop—or drip—from the pen of the inventor of 'She.'

### The Washington Memorial Arch

THE FUND amounted, at the close of office-hours on Tuesday, Nov. 12, to \$58,945.80. We append the subscriptions received during the previous two weeks:

\$500:—*The New York World*.  
 \$273.35:—Readers of *The Commercial Advertiser*.  
 \$100:—F. O. French; Paul Dana; Steinway & Sons; James A. Burden; R. F. Auchmuty; W. C. Whitney; R. P. Flower; John King; Theodore W. Dwight; George Ehret.  
 \$50:—Horace R. Kelly & Co.; Henry R. Hoyt; Guy R. Pelton; 'W. H.'  
 \$25:—Edward L. Partridge; Elizabeth K. De Groot; Dr. W. H. Draper.  
 \$20:—Alfred Young.  
 \$10 each:—R. C. Combes; Travers Bros.; Oscar Craig, Rochester, N. Y.  
 \$5 each:—Sherman Sterling; Prof. John K. Rees; Edmund Wetmore; Prof. Augustus C. Merriam; Prof. John W. Burgess; Durham House Drainage Co.; 'Widow's Mite'; Martin T. Ryder; A. P. Segur; Kennedy & McDermott; 'R. C. C.'  
 \$4:—Griffin & Pryor. \$3.75:—Employees Greenwich Fire Ins. Co. \$3:—Henry Albey. \$2 each:—Knowles Bros.; Wm. G. Slade; S. Nichols. \$1 each:—H. Nicolas; 'H. N. S.'

### Charles Wyndham

THE PERFORMANCE of 'David Garrick' by the popular English comedian Charles Wyndham at Palmer's Theatre was a clever and interesting piece of work, although not quite so brilliant as the somewhat effusive descriptions of it in the English and German press might have led anybody to expect. The fame of this actor has been chiefly associated with the lightest of comedy, and even a moderate success in a character so far out of his usual line would have been a noteworthy achievement. He has done better than this, for if his impersonation fails at certain points, it will bear comparison with any of those that have preceded it, with the single exception of Salvini's. In the first act it is especially good, being very easy, graceful and dignified, and exhibiting a degree of artistic repose which would scarcely be looked for in a player of mercurial parts. His manner during the interview with old Ingot was admirable in all respects. In the drunken scene he played with appropriate recklessness, and succeeded fairly well in suggesting the mental anguish which lay beneath his assumption of boisterous mirth. His best effect was made at the moment when the appeal of Ada Ingot betrays Garrick into the assertion that he is sober. He touched a note of real feeling here, and his gradual relapse into a condition of apparent drunkenness was excellent. His despairing exit at the end of the scene was also very effective. In the final act he failed to strike a chord of genuine pathos, partly because of the unsympathetic quality of his voice; but his earnestness and his avoidance of exaggeration deserve a word of recognition. As a whole the performance was thoroughly meritorious. Miss Mary Moore, the Ada Ingot, is an agreeable but rather feeble actress. The great hit in the representation was the Squire Chivey of Mr. Giddens, whose drunken scene was perfectly true and irresistibly funny.

### Wilson Barrett

ALTHOUGH the play of 'Ben-my-Chree,' produced by Mr. Wilson Barrett at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, has met with a good deal of unfavorable comment, it is superior in many respects to most of the melodramas recently imported here from England. It is an adaptation from Hall Caine's novel 'The Deemster,' and the story which it tells is strong and interesting, although exceedingly gloomy. The scene is laid in the Isle of Man in the old times when the local authority was divided pretty evenly between the civil Governor and the Bishop, and the rival powers of these dignitaries play an important part in the plot. The hero, Dan Mylrea, a roystering and idle but generous and manly fellow, is the son of the Bishop and is in love with his cousin Mona, daughter of the Deemster, his father's brother and the local magistrate. He visits the girl by stealth, and to avoid her father, leaves the house by the window. Unluckily he is seen by her brother, who, deeming his sister's honor compromised, insists upon a duel. The brother is killed and Dan, who surrenders himself, is sentenced by the temporal authorities to death, but is saved by his

father, who claims sole jurisdiction in the case and pronounces against him the doom of excommunication. The Governor of the island, who is also in love with Mona, tries to force her into a marriage, by threatening to reveal the cause of the duel in which her brother was killed. He does make a public charge in the church, but Dan returns to refute it, although by so doing he forfeits his own life. His father orders him to execution, and Mona dies.

This story is very improbable, but is well told, and is full of strong situations. Unfortunately the part of the hero is beyond the capacity of Mr. Barrett, who is one of the most mechanical and self-conscious of actors. There is no sincerity in his emotion and he creates no illusion. He presents an attractive figure and his work is technically correct, but he cannot even suggest the passion and suffering of Ben-my-Chree. Miss Eastlake does fairly well as the heroine, but neither performer can be ranked above the second-class. The play is superbly mounted.

### International Copyright

IN THE ABSENCE of Mr. Lowell, Mr. Stedman presided at the fifth annual meeting of the American Copyright League, held at Mott Memorial Hall, this city, on Thursday, Nov. 7. In a brief address, he reported that further progress had been made in the direction of International Copyright during the preceding twelve months than in any previous year. For the first time in the history of the movement, the question had been voted upon in one of the branches of Congress. The Chace bill was passed by a strong majority in the Senate, and would in all probability have fared equally well in the House but for the 'filibustering' of a single member, in opposition to another measure, which prevented the matter from coming to a vote. The prospect of securing the desired legislation this winter is better than ever before. The Chace-Breckinridge bill, slightly amended at the instance of Mr. Thorval Solberg, will be reintroduced in House and Senate and urged to as prompt a vote as possible. The measure is approved alike by authors (the American Copyright League), publishers (the American Publishers' Copyright League), employing printers (the Typothetæ), and compositors (the Typographical Union); a joint committee engaged in supporting it embraces representatives of each of these organizations. Senator Chace, since his resignation, has become a member of this committee.

At the meeting of the League, a vote of thanks to officers and Executive Committee was passed, and the Council—the governing body of the organization—re-elected.

On Wednesday last the Council met to elect its officers, who are the officers of the League also. Mr. James Russell Lowell was re-elected President and Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman Vice-President. Two new Vice-Presidents, Gen. Lew Wallace and Dr. Eggleston, were elected. Mr. Geo. Walton Green resigned the Secretaryship after several years of devoted service, and was succeeded by Mr. Robert Underwood Johnson, whose place as Treasurer was taken by Col. Thomas W. Knox. The Executive Committee, which remains unchanged, is composed of Dr. Edward Eggleston, Chairman; Col. Knox, Mr. Green, Mr. Johnson and Mr. R. R. Bowker.

We extract the following passages from Mr. Theodore L. De Vinne's recent speech before the Typothetæ, which resulted in the organization's adherence to the principle of International Copyright, and the speaker's appointment as its representative on the joint committee:

Will the copyright law work injury to printers? I think not. It certainly will cause printing to be done here that is now done abroad. Even if some of this printing be done by foreign firms on American soil it will not affect our prosperity. . . . There is a specious plea for no copyright based on the ground that our country is full of readers who cannot afford to buy and pay the price of authorized editions, and that the suppression of competitive editions is really an obstruction to education. I confess that for a time I was sophisticated by this proposition, which after-thought showed was untrue. It is not philanthropy—it is bad morals—that allows a poor man, because he is poor, to help himself from his neighbors' fields or shelves. This plea is a practical denial of the right of property, which sends us back to barbarism at once. . . . A new judgment will soon be made about copyright. It has already been made. The time is not far off when this country will agree to the rule which prevails in all other civilized countries, and will say that unauthorized publication is wrong. We should fairly meet the question. Of all trades ours should be foremost in upholding the right of the author. We owe him a double debt, not merely for the instruction or amusement he gives us, but for the work he furnishes to our presses. No one reads books or papers to see our workmanship only. Every one reads to get the thoughts of the author. It is upon him more than upon us that the life of our art depends. It is our duty, and it should be our pleasure, to see that he receives all he is entitled to.



## The Fine Arts

### Re-opening of the Metropolitan Museum

THE WINTER opening of the Metropolitan Museum of Fine Arts has been signalized by the placing on exhibition of part of the Willard collection of architectural casts. The selection has apparently been made from the more ornate specimens in the collection, and includes very little of architectural mouldings or members, but a considerable quantity of casts of decorative carvings and applied sculpture, Renaissance, Byzantine, Gothic, Assyrian, Egyptian, Greek and Roman, reasonably well-arranged, and filling comfortably the large hall of the original building. Facing the old entrance to the hall is a full-size cast of the caryatid porch of the Erechtheion. Near it are some beautiful little altars, Greek and Roman. In front and in the middle of the hall is a cast of the carved pulpit of Sienna Cathedral. A cast of a Roman doorway from an English church and one of a carved choir-stall with 'misericordia' seat are among the other more notable casts now shown. The entire collection, made under the supervision of M. Chipiez, will probably require another hall as large as the present for its display. Other new additions to the treasures of the Museum, now for the first time exhibited, are two portraits by Velasquez; new gems and other objects in the 'gold room' (including the Sommerville chrysopease of Jupiter Ægilocheus), and the Marquand collection of Nuremberg iron-work. This last, like all that the Museum has received at Mr. Marquand's hands, has been made with taste and discretion. It includes many very interesting specimens of locksmiths' work from Gothic to rococo, and is well arranged in the alcove to the left of the passage to the main hall. The two specimens of Velasquez are from the Landsdowne collection. The smaller but more attractive is labelled as a portrait of the painter. It shows a good-looking, dark-haired, full-blooded man in the prime of life. It is very rich in color and well-preserved. The other painting is a half-length portrait of the Duke of Olivares.

### Art Notes

YESTERDAY (Friday) was the day fixed upon for the opening of the Barye exhibition at the American Art Galleries.

—'Albert Warren's Garden Painting-Book' is a collection of colored prints of garden vegetables, such as cucumbers, radishes, beans, turnips, tomatoes, cauliflower, potatoes, onions, and carrots, with shaded drawings opposite, in gray only, on which the youthful colorist may exercise his talent. He may perhaps be led by them, at the same time, to remark the great beauty of form of many of these kitchen-garden favorites which are usually not looked on from the artistic point of view. (50 cts. Geo. Routledge & Sons.)

## Current Criticism

THE FUNCTION OF THE REVIEWER.—Only a few centuries ago, the number of available books was so small that to read them all would have been no great feat; but that day is forever past. It is no longer possible to read even a small percentage of the books in a limited department. We must depend upon guides more or less complete to help us in our selections and searches. And the case is not so hopeless as might at first glance appear when we think of the three million books in the world, and the additional sixty thousand annually; for the *book review* is a department which has grown out of this increasing want. Through conscientious, faithful review or criticism, we have just what we need to help and direct in the choice of literature. Not that we are to accept as infallible any such opinion, or that we are expected to accept as our own a view from another's standpoint; but making allowance always for the particular bias and peculiarities which every mind possesses, we yet can see, sifted through such a medium as this, enough of every book to discover whether it fits our need at a given time. And it is not to new books alone that the true reviewer must be confined. . . . To be well-read is not to be versed in all the late sensations; sensational literature is not classic literature, and it would require a long retrogression of the human intellect to make it so. To think over the great thoughts after great minds is to be well-read. It is also the province of the critic or reviewer to direct readers to these rich, immortal fields.—*Serilda Thomas, in Woodland (Cal.) Democrat.*

'LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.\*—It is rumored that a new critical journal is to be started. The name proposed is, *Golly, What a Paper!* The new print, uncompromisingly festal and romantic, will be edited by Mr. William Archer. 'A Short and Easy Method

\* Literary persons are invited to communicate their intentions: Terms of publication easy.

with the Ibsenites' will be the name of Mr. Robert Buchanan's first contribution to Mr. Archer's journal. Mr. Buchanan has nearly finished his treatise on Greek Accents, which is being corrected in proof by Mr. William Sharp. 'Les Inconséquences d'un Baromètre' is the title of Archdeacon Farrar's *nouvelle badine*. It will appear in numbers in the New York *Independent*, with an English translation by Professor Bryce in the *Freeman*. The author has noticed the shocking partiality with which the Barometer attempts to disguise, by 'keeping up,' however much it rains, the *fredaines* of the East Wind. This is accounted for by a history of the Loves of the Barometer, in which the author's agreeable licence of fancy finds frisky play. 'Les Inconséquences' will be illustrated by Mr. Walter Crane. 'The Moral Obliguity of Klaitemnéstra' will be Mr. W. E. Gladstone's next contribution to *The Nineteenth Century*. 'Little Sunshine; or, What a Girl Can Do' will be Mr. Rider Haggard's new story in *Atalanta*. It is a temperance tale, told in octosyllabic verse. Mr. Andrew Lang is editing an *édition de luxe* of 'Nicholas's Notes,' with a preface on the Lost Manuscript of 'Knur and Spell,' and an exhausting and exhilarating discussion of the 'Apospasmata.' The historical novel which Mr. Lang is writing in collaboration with Mr. Beerbohm Tree will not be ready until the spring of next year. The title is 'The Roman Aunt: A Romance of the Suburra,' and the descriptions (in the style of Gustave Flaubert and M. Fortuné du Boisgobey) of high life in the capital of the Cæsars are said to be exceptionally realistic.—*The Scots Observer.*

## Notes

THE deluge of talk that has overswept the earth during the latter half of the present century is deplored in the December *Scrubber's* by the Hon. E. J. Phelps, ex-Minister to England. In the same magazine Jacob A. Riis gives a vivid picture of the slums of New York, with illustrations from flash-light photographs taken by himself. A poem contrasting Montauk Point in July and December is contributed by Lloyd McKim Garrison, a grandson of the Abolitionist, with illustrations by Twachtman. J. A. Mitchell, editor of *Life*, discusses caricature.

—John Morley's 'Walpole,' in the English Statesmen Series, is universally praised as one of the best things he has done. In point of style it is said to be his finest work, and easily the first biography of the year.

—Mr. Curtis, seated in his Easy Chair, will preach in the December *Harper's* a Christmas sermon on fraternity. There will be a ghost-story by Lafcadio Hearn, and six other complete stories, two by New England writers, two by Southrons, one by Thomas Hardy, and one by Frank Millet. The Rev. H. R. Haweis will write of the oratorio; Blackmore and Miss Guiney will contribute poems; Caran d'Ache and Du Maurier will be represented among the illustrations, and Mr. Howells, in the Study, will indulge in the fancy of 'a gradual fusion of the literature proper for Christmas and the literature proper for Thanksgiving in a literature appropriate to both.'

—A Life of Mary W. Shelley, by Mrs. William Rossetti, will be the next volume in the Eminent Women Series. It is said to contain much new and unpublished information about the Shelleys, Lord Byron, and others.

—'Felicia,' a serial story to appear in *The Atlantic* next year, will introduce to the reading world a sister of 'Charles Egbert Craddock.' Miss Fannie Murfree is the young lady's name.

—The American Economic Association of Baltimore, of which Prof. Richard T. Ely is Secretary, has received \$500 for two prizes for the best essay on Women Wage-Earners. Any one is eligible to compete, but the American aspect of the subject should be chiefly regarded. The essay must not exceed 25,000 words, must be type-written, and be sent anonymously to the Secretary before Nov. 1, 1890.

—Messrs. Harper will soon publish in book form Mr. Howells's new story, 'A Hazard of New Fortunes.'

—The October *Harvard University Bulletin* contains careful notes on the MS. volume of Shelley's poems in the Harvard Library, by George E. Woodberry, who thinks it possible that Mrs. Shelley used this volume for her edition of the 'Posthumous Poems,' 1824, and that it tends to establish her fidelity to the poet's text.

—Miss Amelia B. Edwards's first lecture in America, delivered in the Brooklyn Academy of Music on Thursday evening of last week, drew together as brilliant an audience as ever assembled in the City of Churches. Her address on 'The Buried Cities of Ancient Egypt' was popular in its character, the 2500 persons who had gathered to hear it preferring naturally to have the subject treated in that way; more abstruse discussions of the theme will

come when Dr. Edwards faces a company of experts in archæology. With the aid of a stereopticon, the lecturer conveyed to her hearers a very vivid impression of the wonders that have been uncovered by the spade of recent explorers in the age-old land of the Pharaohs and the Khedive. Dr. Storrs introduced the speaker, whose appearance upon the platform is thus described in *The New York Times*:

The heart of the audience found a sympathy, a liking, for Miss Edwards as soon as she bowed and smiled. She is rather a small woman, but has a carriage so erect and graceful that she appears to be quite above the average size of her sex. Her features are strikingly clean cut, yet soft, and the eyes so brilliant that they appear to illuminate the entire face. Her black hair, tinged with gray, is brushed straight back from a high, but not broad, forehead. Miss Edwards does not look her age. She was dressed in plain black—unrelieved except by a V of old gold lace let in at the corsage. Not a jewel did she display. It is in her voice, however, that her great charm is found. Miss Edwards apologized for having contracted a severe cold since her arrival in America on Monday. No apology was necessary, for never did woman or man speak from that stage in tones sweeter or more distinct.

Dr. Edwards's second lecture, on 'The Story of an Egyptian Mound,' was delivered last Tuesday evening. Miss Edwards lectured at Chickering Hall, Boston, on Wednesday evening.

—It is rumored, writes the London correspondent of the *Manchester Courier*, that among the papers of the late Mr. Matthew Arnold a large number of poems have been found, many of which are of such excellence and finish that in the opinion of his literary executors they ought to be given to the world.

—William Black's 'Nanciebell,' to be begun in *Harper's Weekly* on Nov. 20, will be illustrated by Dora Wheeler. In the Thanksgiving *Bazar* will appear 'The Doctor's Thanksgiving,' by Mrs. Spofford, and 'Face to Face,' by Louise Stockton. Mr. Abbey will contribute a full-page drawing to the number. Mrs. Sangster has written a 'Christmas Carol' which will be printed in the *Young People* on Nov. 19, with music by organist Baier of Trinity Church.

—Secretary Arthur Gilman of the Harvard Annex reports as follows:

The tenth year finds us with 115 students, distributed into 55 classes and directed by 14 professors, 11 assistant professors, and 16 instructors—45 teachers in all. From the first year to the close of the tenth there has been a continual growth. . . . Several [students] have found positions in New York City, and it is doubtless in some degree owing to that fact that the number of candidates for the Harvard examinations for women in that city has materially increased. The usual instruction has been obtained during the year without difficulty. The professors of Harvard College still offer their services freely and interest themselves in making each course of study full and well balanced.

—Mayor Latrobe of Baltimore announced to the Trustees of Johns Hopkins University, a week ago, a gift of \$100,000 from Mrs. Caroline Donovan, a rich widow, aged eighty-six. By her desire the money will be devoted to the foundation of a chair of English literature.

—On Wednesday of last week, a service was held in the Church of the Pilgrims, Brooklyn, Dr. R. S. Storrs pastor, in memory of Mary A. Brigham, the successful educator. Up to last summer, when she lost her life in a railway accident near New Haven, Miss Brigham had been for twenty-six years President of the collegiate department of Packer Institute, Brooklyn, and at the time of her death was President-elect of Mount Holyoke Seminary, at South Hadley, Mass. Previously she had declined the Presidency of Vassar College and that of Wellesley.

—Roberts Bros. publish to-day (Saturday) the new edition of Robert Lowell's 'New Priest in Conception Bay'; Sir Edwin Arnold's complete works, in two volumes; and, in the Famous Women Series, Mrs. Bradley Gilman's 'St. Theresa of Avila.'

—A newspaper in Maine, the *Lewiston Journal*, is responsible for this squib:

Over near China, I called, on business, upon an eccentric old lady who lives in a very old house. I entertained myself looking over her library. I found that she had many interesting old volumes. We fell to discussing books, and I presently asked her if she knew much about 'the Sage of Concord.' 'Concord, where?' she asked shortly. 'Concord, Mass.,' I answered. 'Is't any better'n any other sage?' she innocently inquired. I told her that there was a flavor about the 'Concord Sage' much to my liking, and advised her to get some.

—The next monograph on Political Economy and Public Law, edited by Prof. E. J. James and published by the University of Pennsylvania, will be a discussion by Dr. Roland P. Falkner of the Prison Statistics of the United States for 1888.

—'Reminiscent' writes to the Boston *Transcript* that Dr. Holmes's 'first appearance in print was with the publication of the "Runaway Ballads," in the first number of *The Collegian*—a lit-

erary monthly established by a club of undergraduates in Harvard in 1830.' To Prof. John Dougall, of Pollokshields, Scotland, who recently sent him some daisies gathered at Mossiel, in the field where Burns composed his famous poem on the 'wee, modest flower,' and pressed between the leaves of 'The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table' and the 'Meditations' of Marcus Aurelius, Dr. Holmes has written as follows:

I am proud to think that my book found itself in the company of Marcus Aurelius, and that it should hold between its leaves the modest flower which Burns has invested with a tender beauty it never drew from the soil or air in which it grew. You need not be surprised that Americans are frequent pilgrims to the places made dear to them, and to all that read his songs, by the poetry of Burns. He ought to have passed ten years of his life—or five at least—in America, for those words of his,

A man's a man for a' that,

show that true American feeling belonged to him as much as if he had been born in sight of the hill before me as I write—Bunker Hill.

—Nicholas Paine Gilman's 'Profit Sharing between Employer and Employee,' now in its third thousand, received a gold medal at the Paris Exposition, in recognition of its merits as a contribution to the settlement of the 'labor problem.'

—With the close of its tenth year, in December, *Le Livre* will undergo a change of publishers, form and program. The Maison Quantin will cease to publish it, M. Octave Uzanne becoming its proprietor. The form is to be altered to one nearly resembling that of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*; and is to be, in substance, 'something like what *The Gentleman's Magazine* is to our neighbors across the Channel.'

—Theodore Thomas's services in behalf of good music were remembered at a concert given at the Metropolitan Opera House last Wednesday evening. The concert brought to a brilliant conclusion a 'testimonial tour,' projected by an enterprising Western manager. Mr. Thomas's own orchestra was augmented by volunteers from the Philharmonic Society and, though its playing showed the crudeness consequent on inadequate rehearsals, it also proved again how masterful is the conductor's command over musical forces. Mr. Joseffy, who has been guilty of some shipshod playing of late, redeemed his reputation by a capital performance of Schumann's pianoforte concerto in A minor. The program was composed of works which have long enjoyed great popularity.

—The Appalachian Mountain Club of Boston announce 'Mountaineering in Colorado: The Peaks about Estes Park,' by Frederick H. Chapin. The illustrations will be from the author's own photographs, and will be partly in heliotype (full-page), and partly 'process,' of a high order. Orders should be sent to Albert S. Parsons, 9 Park Street, Boston.

—William Black relates the following anecdote in the Tillotson syndicate of newspapers:

I remember when I was in America receiving a pretty and charming letter from two sisters living in one of the Southern States. They described their beautiful home on the banks of the—river; they were, they informed me, living there quite alone, having neither friends nor relatives to occupy their time withal; and it had occurred to them that, as I was certain to form a perfectly false idea of American hospitality so long as I remained in the cold and callous North, would I not come down for a week or two to this sylvan retreat on the—river, that they might show me what a real Southern welcome was like? It was a most innocent and idyllic invitation; and I was describing it, a long time afterward, to Mr. Bret Harte, when he interrupted me: 'Didn't the letter go on something like this?' He knew the rest. The idyllic invitation had been but an autograph-hunting lure.

—Gustav Freytag has just published his reminiscences of the late Frederick the Noble—'Der Kronprinz und die Deutsche Kaiser-Krone.' The demand for copies has been extraordinary. Freytag says in his preface: 'These pages would have been printed soon after Frederick's death had not other publications, and what followed in their wake, so disgusted the author as to prevent his taking part in the disgraceful excitement over the person of the dear departed.' The advance-sheets were submitted to Emperor William and Bismarck, and approved by them.

—The house of Geo. Routledge & Sons, started by the late Mr. George Routledge in 1835, is to be turned into a limited liability company. The entire stock—about \$1,000,000—will remain in the hands of the present partners (Messrs. Robert W. and Edmund Routledge), who will be the directors of the new company.

—Mr. Whittaker will issue this month 'New Points to Old Texts,' by Rev. J. M. Whiton, author of 'Beyond the Shadow.'

—'The Descendants of Palæolithic Man in America,' by Dr. Chas. C. Abbott, will open the December *Popular Science Monthly*. It describes the surroundings and occupations of the men who made the rough pottery and the implements of slaty rock which Dr.



Abbott has found so abundantly in the Delaware valley. Prof. C. H. Henderson will describe 'The Evolution of a Glass Bottle.' Some 'New Phases in the Chinese Problem' will be presented by Willard B. Farwell. Col. Garrick Mallery's American Association address on 'Israelite and Indian,' concluded in this number, deals with the similarity in the myths and social institutions of the two peoples.

—'The Viking Age' is attracting general attention to the theory that the English race is of Scandinavian rather than Teutonic descent. Lecturing on this subject at the Berkeley Lyceum on Nov. 8, Prof. H. H. Boyesen said:

The whole English common law is to be found in embryo in the sagas; the same ethical consciousness which built up through centuries the beautiful system of English jurisprudence is recognizable, at an early stage of development, in the decisions of the Icelandic Althing, the Norwegian Galuthing and Frostathing. It seems, indeed, that the old Norse jury system was superior to ours for, far from seeking a hypothetical impartiality of ignorance in the jurymen, it put a premium upon knowledge. The lecturer read a number of original translations in verse of old Norse poetry.

—Gebbie & Co. have just issued 'Babylon Electrified,' an illustrated book by A. Bleunard, a French scientist, which comprises an account of travels from London to Babylon, and demonstrates the possibilities of electricity.

—In *The Independent's* Trials and Triumphs Series, Mr. Stoddard will speak for the poets and Mr. Stockton for the novelists.

—Wilkie Collins's personality has been sworn at 10,831*l.* 11*s.* 3*d.*

—On Oct. 28, the business of Willard Fracker & Co. was assumed by a stock-company to be called Welch, Fracker Co., with Arthur E. Welch as President, Willard Fracker as Vice-President, and Chas. Edward Barns as Secretary and Treasurer. Mr. Welch has been a representative for many years of Cassell & Co.

—M. Zola has his eye upon Emile Augier's vacant chair among the Immortals. 'I shall,' he says, 'be a candidate. The Academy has shown recently that it is no longer absolutely hostile to new formulæ. I shall conform to the usages, make the necessary visits, and expect a defeat. Hugo in his day was not diminished by such a defeat. I shall not be diminished either. To crown my career I wish to become a member of the French Academy, and if I live long enough I shall succeed in my desire.'

—The library of the late Hamilton Cole is to be sold.

—Miss Clementina Black contradicts the rumors which have arisen regarding the suicide of Amy Levy. 'Her parents,' she says, 'were justly proud of her, and it was impossible to be more uniformly indulgent, more anxious to anticipate her every wish than they were. At the time of her death they were out of town; but she had been with them only a few days before, had parted with them on the best of terms, and was expected to rejoin them the next week. Her sister was with her on the afternoon before her death, and from her also she parted affectionately.'

—Greece is to erect a monument in Athens in memory of William Müller, the poet of the 'Lieder der Griechen' (1821-4).

—At the Harvard Club dinner given to Sir Edwin Arnold on the eve of his departure from San Francisco for Japan, he read the following sonnet, which was published in *The New York Herald*:

America! at this thy Golden Gate,  
New-travelled from thy green Atlantic coves,  
Parting—I make my reverence! It behooves  
With backward steps to quit a queen in state.  
Land! of all lands most fair and free and great;  
Of countless Kindred lips, wherefrom I heard  
Sweet speech of Shakspeare—keep it consecrate  
For noble uses! Land of Freedom's Bird,  
Fearless and proud! So let him soar, that stirred  
By generous joy, all men may learn of thee  
A larger life: and Europe, undeterred  
By ancient wrecks, dare also to be free  
Body and soul;—seeing thine Eagle gaze  
Undazzled upon Freedom's Sun, full-blaze!

### The Free Parliament

[Communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.]

#### QUESTIONS

1502.—Can you tell me where in Browning these lines occur?

That's the deft way his wife's grim brother came  
Siding with crab-like, bow-legged, edgewise haste  
Along the beach—the sea-weed all a-flame

In a brown sunset—while the coppery sun  
Sank salted in the oozy twilight waves.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

C. P. C.

1503.—What great man said that his coat of arms was a pair of shirt-sleeves.

REND BANK, N. J.

H. F.

1504.—Can you tell me anything of an English artist named Calderon? Is he still living? and how does he rank?

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

C. F. S.

[Philip H. Calderon was born in France in 1833, but has lived in England since his boyhood, though a pupil of Picot of Paris. He paints historical and *genre* subjects, his most noted pictures being 'The Massacre of St. Bartholomew,' 'Desdemona' and 'The Siesta.' Of these the last two were shown at the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia, in 1876. He has also painted a few portraits. If he is dead, we are not aware of the fact.]

1505.—Why do we say, in the Lord's Prayer, 'Our Father which art in Heaven'?

CLINTON, MO.

G. H. D.

['Which' is the Anglo-Saxon *hwilk*, originally an interrogative pronoun, but frequently used in Middle English as a relative, applicable to persons as well as to things. In the Lord's Prayer and elsewhere, King James's translators retained it from the older versions. Modern poets still employ it, as Tennyson in his 'Lord of Burleigh':

Oh that he  
Were once more that landscape painter  
Which did win my heart from me.]

#### ANSWERS

1498.—Bryant once recited the lines to a lady who was adjusting a rose in her dress while walking with him. Whether they were his own or quoted she did not know, nor had she the presence of mind to inquire.

NEW YORK,

J.

1500.—The identity of Graham R. Tomson is made known in Mrs. Walford's letter on another page of this week's CRITIC.

### Publications Received

RECEIPT of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice on any work will depend upon its interest and importance. When no address is given the publication is issued in New York.

Abbot, W. J. Battle-Fields of '61. \$3.50.....Dodd, Mead & Co.  
Adams, Myron. The Continuous Creation. \$1.50.....Houghton, Mifflin & Co.  
Austin, Jane G. Standish of Standish. \$1.25.....Houghton, Mifflin & Co.  
Bechtel, J. H. Hand-Book of Pronunciation. 50c.....Phila.: Penn. Pub. Co.  
Bleunard, A. Babylon Electrified. \$2.50.....Phila.: Gebbie & Co.  
Blackmore, R. D. Lorna Doone. With many drawings. \$5.  
Cleveland: Burrows Bros.  
Bouchot, H. The Book. Ed. by H. Grevel. \$7.50.....Scribner & Welford.  
Brandt, H. C. G. A German Reader. \$1.25.....Boston: Allyn & Bacon.  
Bridgman, F. A. Winters in Algeria. \$2.50.....Harper & Bros.  
Brown, T. E. The Manx Witch. \$2.....Macmillan & Co.  
Campbell, J. H. Gertrude of Wyoming. 50c.....Macmillan & Co.  
Chamisso, Peter Schlemihl's Wundersame Geschichte. 50c.....Macmillan & Co.  
Clark, J. W. Cambridge. \$2.....Macmillan & Co.  
Combs, Anne S. The Garden of Armida. 50c.....Cassell & Co.  
Cooper, J. F. The Spy. 50c.....Houghton, Mifflin & Co.  
Dabney, W. D. Public Regulation of Railways. \$1.25.....G. P. Putnam's Sons.  
De Bello, Marquis. Christopher Columbus. \$3.....Phila.: Gebbie & Co.  
Douglas, A. M. Osborne of Arrochan. \$1.50.....Boston: Lee & Shepard.  
Egginton, G. C. American War Ballads. 2 vols. \$2.50.....G. P. Putnam's Sons.  
Emerson, P. H. English Idyls. 50c.....London: Samson, Low & Co.  
Finley, Martha. Elsie and the Raymonds. \$1.25.....Dodd, Mead & Co.  
Francillon, R. E. Romances of the Law. \$1.....Phila.: Gebbie & Co.  
Garrett, Edward. Life's Long Battle Won. \$1.....Dodd, Mead & Co.  
Harben, Will N. White Marie. 50c.....Cassell & Co.  
Halevy, Ludevic. The Abbé Constantin. \$1.75.....Dodd, Mead & Co.  
Henderson, W. J. The Story of Music. \$1.25.....Longmans, Green & Co.  
Herrick, C. T. Candle and Nursery. \$1.....Harper & Bros.  
Higginson, T. W. In a Fair Country. \$6.....Boston: Lee & Shepard.  
Johnston, Alexander. The United States. \$1.....Chas. Scribner's Sons.  
Lathrop, G. P. Would You Kill Him? \$1.25.....Harper & Bros.  
Life. The Good things of. 6th Series.....F. A. Stokes & Co.  
Making of a Great Magazine.....Harper & Bros.  
Markham, C. R. Life of John Davis. \$1.25.....Dodd, Mead & Co.  
May, C. H. Anatomy, Physiology and Hygiene.....Wm. Wood & Co.  
Molesworth, Mrs. The Rectory Children. \$1.25.....Macmillan & Co.  
Munroe, Kirk. Dorymates. \$1.....Harper & Bros.  
Platt, James. Money. 75c.....G. P. Putnam's Sons.  
Plautus. Menæchmi. Ed. by H. N. Fowler. \$1.08.....Leach, Shewell & Sanborn.  
Rothschild, M. D. Handbook of Precious Stones. \$1.....G. P. Putnam's Sons.  
Shaler, N. S. Aspects of the Earth. \$4.....Chas. Scribner's Sons.  
Shirley, P. Little Miss Weezy's Sister. 75c.....Boston: Lee & Shepard.  
Sill, E. R. The Hermitage, and Later Poems. \$1.....Houghton, Mifflin & Co.  
Smith, Geo. A. Shakspeare Compendium and Concordance. \$1.50.  
Phila.: Gebbie & Co.  
Stickney, Albert. The Political Problem. \$1.....Harper & Bros.  
Thackeray, S. W. The Land and the Community. \$1.....D. Appleton & Co.  
Thomas, J. J. Fraudacity. \$1.25.....Phila.: Gebbie & Co.  
Walpole, H. Letters. Ed. by Chas. D. Yonge. 2 vols. \$6.....G. P. Putnam's Sons.  
Warner, C. D. A Little Journey in the World. \$1.50.....Harper & Bros.  
Wellington, Duke of. Letters to Miss J. \$1.75.....Dodd, Mead & Co.  
Wiggin, K. D. A Summer in a Cañon. \$1.50.....Houghton, Mifflin & Co.  
Wood, H. F. Jokes. 25c.....Phila.: Penn. Pub. Co.  
Young Folk's Library. Vols. V. and VI. 36c each.....Boston: Silver, Burdett & Co.

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